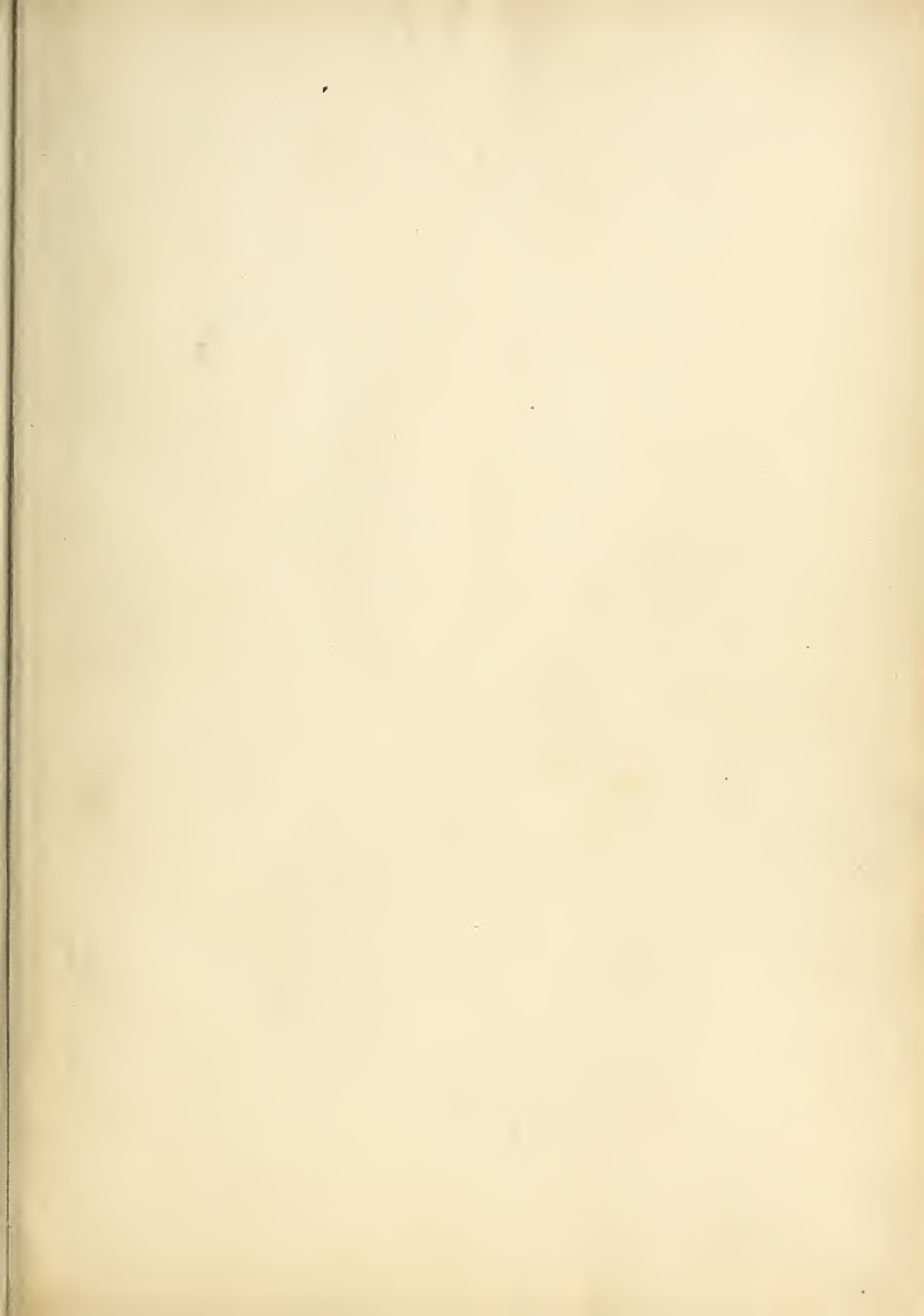


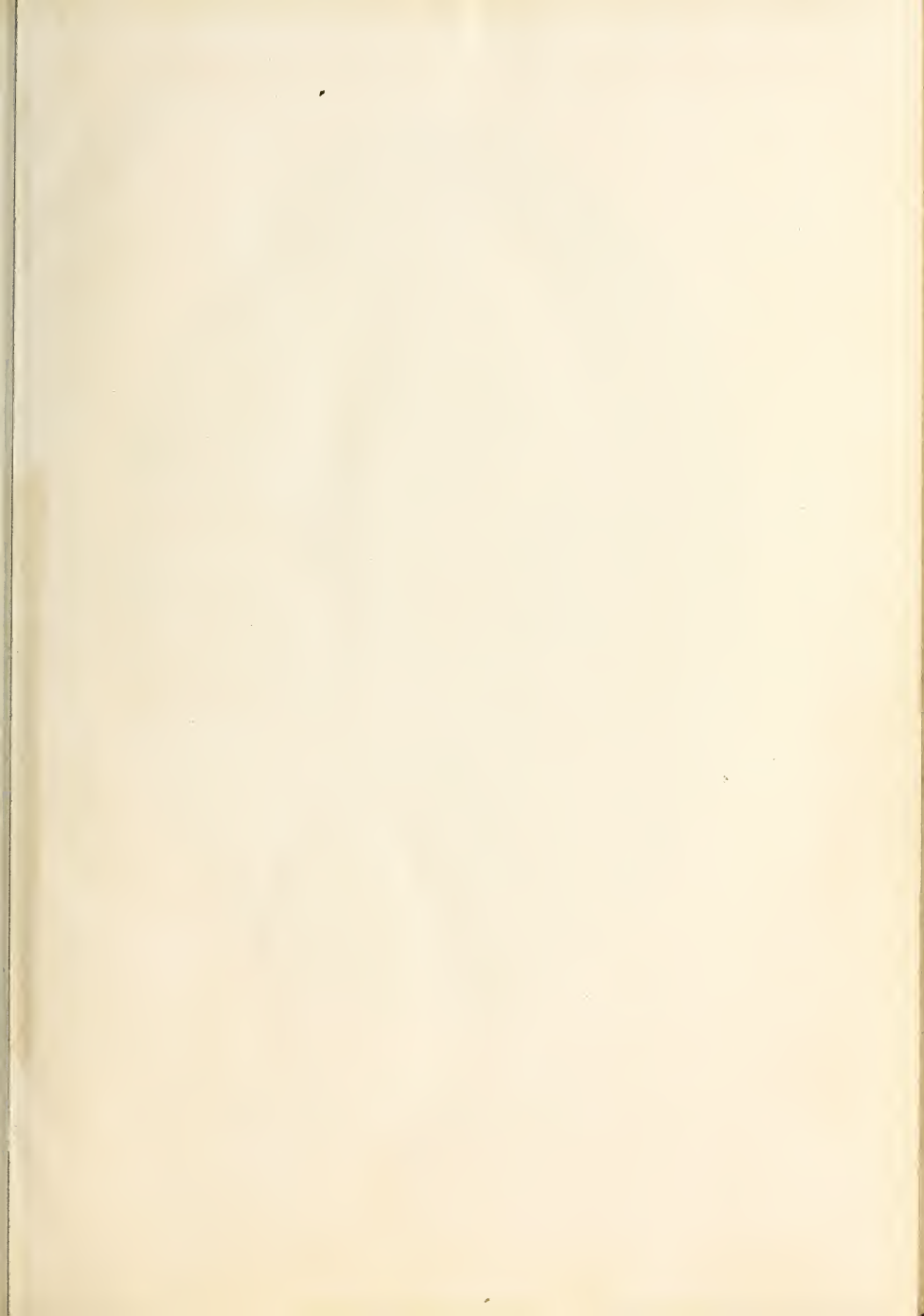
THE
DAVID BISPHAM
SONG BOOK

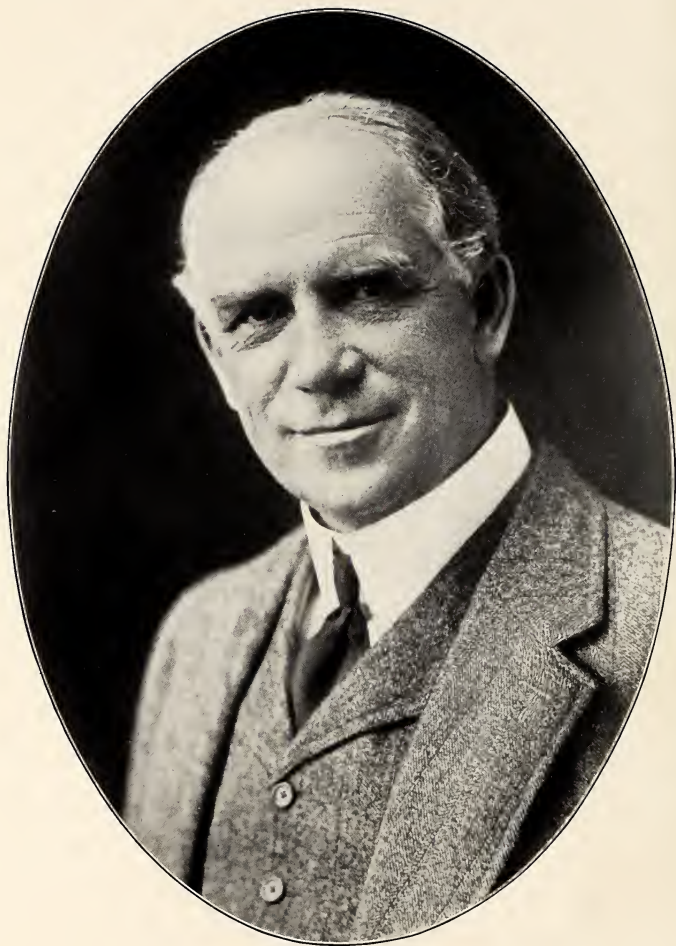


67. Ruth Till
State Teachers College
at
West Chester, Pa
"See-see."

Room 271
Annex







Frederic Dispham.

THE
DAVID BISPHAM
SONG BOOK

SELECTED CHORUSES FOR MIXED VOICES
FOR USE IN SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY SINGING
AND
CHORAL SOCIETIES

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

DAVID BISPHAM, B.A., LL.D., MUS.D.
"THE QUAKER SINGER"

FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON
AND THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, NEW YORK



THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
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PREFACE

A life spent in the service of music, and in the public interpretation of its various forms, has given me an unshakable belief in its power to arouse the best in human nature—to inspire, sustain, console and exalt. The desire has grown in me to share with the young people of America the finest things in music, and the present book has been compiled with the purpose of placing before them some of the songs that will live as long as human voices are uplifted together.

That my experience is unusually extensive may be appreciated from the fact that I have sung in many countries and in many languages—first in America as an amateur with glee and madrigal clubs, church choirs, oratorio societies and festival choruses, and later with no less pleasure as a professional soloist. From these beginnings I graduated into the more arduous and responsible field of a concert artist, a song recitalist and a principal in Grand Opera at home and abroad. All through my career the joy of song and of singing has been with me, and my realization of its enormous power for good has grown with the years. I am glad to be able in this volume to hand on part of the result of my experience in order that others may enjoy the things which have meant so much to me, and may also find, as I did, in music a talisman which enhances the beauty of existence.

In the choice of pieces for this book I have sought the advice of many Supervisors of Music throughout the United States, and much of whatever value the volume may have is due to the admirable suggestions received from these men and women. I also desire to thank Mr. Elliott Schenk for his invaluable assistance in arranging many of the songs which make up the collection.

SECTION ONE is devoted to transcriptions of a variety of numbers suitable for choral singing selected from Grand Operas; for although opera is the most difficult phase of vocal art, it is also to many music-lovers the most attractive. It is hoped that acquaintance with these twenty-five selections may serve to cultivate the taste of singers in this direction and make them desire so much of it that operatic societies may spring up naturally all over the country, as they should do, and that eventually opera shall cease to be considered as a pastime for the rich.

SECTION TWO consists of some fifty miscellaneous examples chosen not only for

PREFACE

their melodious charm, but for their value to school choruses and choral societies because of the artistic and emotional appeal both of music and words. In this section of the book will be found vocal transcriptions from a few instrumental pieces, while several of the numbers have been adapted for mixed voices from fine solos; the remainder are original part-songs, and for at least half of these I am profoundly grateful to the American composers who have been so generous as to contribute especially prepared compositions. Three-quarters of the book of over three hundred pages is therefore devoted to artistic music of a secular character, for the translations of many of which I am sincerely indebted to two American women of poetical and musical ability, who are aware of the fact that English words, to be good and singable, must seem to be original poems and not translations

SECTION THREE contains a score of Popular and Folk Tunes that are ever welcome to those singers whose vocal ability may not enable them to participate in the more complex phases of the art

SECTION FOUR comprises some fifteen Patriotic Songs of the principal Allies in the World War.

SECTION FIVE is made up of Rounds and Catches progressively arranged in the order of their difficulty.

SECTIONS SIX and SEVEN conclude the volume with about fifty Sacred Songs and Hymns, the latter being those which seem most in accord with the prevailing religious opinion of the majority of the people of our country, while the Sacred Songs have been chosen from a wide range of Oratorio and other serious vocal literature suitable for choral purposes.

It has been my aim to be as catholic as possible in the choice of pieces for this collection, and all the principal musical nations of Europe are represented by some of their most famous writers. Marked prominence has been accorded to English and American composers, it being my intention and deliberate object to encourage the knowledge of our own tongue and to bring to the fore our own talented musicians. Music is not only a Fine Art but a Science, and its composers, of whatever nationality, should be recognized as among the great Prophets and Apostles of Beauty sent by Heaven to Earth for its enlightenment.

David D. Johnson

CONTENTS

PART I

OPERATIC SELECTIONS

THE KING OF THULE.....	"Faust".....	<i>Gounod</i>	5
FOR LIBERTY.....	"The Damnation of Faust".....	<i>Berlioz</i>	6
THE TRIBUTE OF THE BIRDS.....	"Lucia of Lammermoor" (Sextette).....	<i>Donizetti</i>	8
WHERE E'ER YOU WALK.....	"Semele".....	<i>Handel</i>	11
WHEN SHEPHERDS PIPE THEIR LAY.....	"Samson and Delilah".....	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>	12
COME FROM THE PRAIRIES.....	"The Troubadour".....	<i>Verdi</i>	16
DAY OF THANKSGIVING.....	"The Basoche".....	<i>Messager</i>	18
SONG OF MAY.....	"Samson and Delilah".....	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>	22
RA-TA-PLAN.....	"The Daughter of the Regi- ment".....	<i>Donizetti</i>	24
BLUE WAVES ARE SPARKLING.....	"Rigoletto".....	<i>Verdi</i>	28
THE FLOWER SONG.....	"Faust".....	<i>Gounod</i>	29
SOUND YE THE TRUMPET.....	"The Puritans".....	<i>Bellini</i>	31
LULLABY.....	"Jocelyn".....	<i>Godard</i>	36
SOLDIERS' CHORUS.....	"Faust".....	<i>Gounod</i>	38
BANISH THY SORROW.....	"Rinaldo".....	<i>Handel</i>	42
TOREADOR'S SONG.....	"Carmen".....	<i>Bizet</i>	44
HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.....	"The Freeshooter".....	<i>Weber</i>	50
FIRM IS THE ICE.....	"The Troubadour".....	<i>Verdi</i>	52
IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING.....	"Lucrezia Borgia".....	<i>Donizetti</i>	54
HIE TO THE FIELDS.....	"Don Giovanni".....	<i>Mozart</i>	56
LOVELY NIGHT.....	"Tales of Hoffmann".....	<i>Offenbach</i>	59
HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS.....	"The Troubadour".....	<i>Verdi</i>	64
AS WE ROW.....	"William Tell".....	<i>Rossini</i>	66
MARCH OF THE VICTORS.....	"Aida".....	<i>Verdi</i>	67
GOOD-NIGHT.....	"Martha".....	<i>Flotow</i>	69

PART II

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.....	<i>Gounod</i>	74
LAND SIGHTING.....	<i>Grieg</i>	78
SPRING SONG.....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	81
TO A VIOLET.....	<i>Grieg</i>	87
THE FLAG GOES BY.....	<i>Foote</i>	88
THE CRUSADERS.....	<i>Pinsuti</i>	90
AN IDLE DREAM.....	<i>Lassen</i>	92
SING HO! THE MERRY AUTUMN TIME.....	<i>Collins</i>	93
HARK! HARK! THE LARK.....	<i>Schubert</i>	97
CHARMING MARGUERITE.....	<i>Old French Song</i>	98
SWEET AND LOW.....	<i>Barnby</i>	100
MORNING.....	<i>Tschaiikowsky</i>	101
WANDERING IN THE WOODS.....	<i>Grieg</i>	106

CONTENTS

YESTEREVE	<i>Johnson</i>	107
YELLOW AT MY FEET	<i>Rubinstein</i>	108
VENETIAN BOAT SONG	<i>Blumenthal</i>	110
WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD	<i>Schenck</i>	112
MARIE	<i>Franz</i>	114
TO SPRING	<i>Gounod</i>	116
AT HONOR'S GLORIOUS CALL	<i>Sullivan</i>	120
HUMILITY	<i>Grieg</i>	125
LONG AGO IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS	<i>Dvorak</i>	127
MAY	<i>McCoy</i>	128
THE TICKLING TRIC	<i>Martini</i>	132
BY CELIA'S ARBOR	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	138
THE BIRD OF HOPE	<i>Cole</i>	140
FROM THE PINGIAN HILL	<i>Grieg</i>	141
LOVE SONG	<i>Brahms</i>	146
O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE	<i>Sullivan</i>	148
FOR THEE, DEAR HOME	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>	150
FLORIAN'S SONG	<i>Godard</i>	152
THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS	<i>Foster</i>	154
WHO IS SILVIA?	<i>Schubert</i>	156
QUEEN OF NIGHT	<i>Meyer-Helmond</i>	158
LORNA DOONE'S SONG	<i>Nevin</i>	159
ROSEBUD	<i>Grieg</i>	160
MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC	<i>Pinsuti</i>	162
BOAT SONG	<i>Cowen</i>	163
COME AND EMBARK	<i>Godard</i>	165
NENIA	<i>Randegger</i>	166
A GENTLE HINT	<i>Riker</i>	168
PUNCHINELLO	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>	170
THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	176
LOVE AND SUMMER	<i>West</i>	178
SUMMER EVENING	<i>Grieg</i>	181
THE TWO GRENADIERS	<i>Schumann</i>	182
SUNRISE	<i>Grieg</i>	186
BEWARE	<i>Halton</i>	187
OPEN THY BLUE EYES	<i>Massenet</i>	188
DAMASCUS	<i>Costa</i>	193
HOME, SWEET HOME, AND RUBINSTEIN'S MELODY IN F	<i>Nevin</i>	198

PART III

POPULAR AND FOLK SONGS

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT	<i>Negro Folk Song</i>	202
LONG, LONG AGO	<i>Bayly</i>	205
ANNIE LAURIE	<i>Lady John Scott</i>	206
THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE	<i>Italian Melody</i>	206
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES	<i>Old English Air</i>	207
CHIQUITA	<i>DeGomis</i>	208

CONTENTS

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.....	<i>Foster</i>	210
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.....	<i>Old Welsh Air</i>	211
JOHNNY SANDS.....	<i>Simmonds</i>	212
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	<i>Old Irish Air</i>	213
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.....	<i>Spilman</i>	214
O SOLE MIO.....	<i>Di Capua</i>	215
OLD BLACK JOE.....	<i>Foster</i>	216
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.....	<i>Old Irish Melody</i>	216
HOME, SWEET HOME.....	<i>Scilian Air</i>	217
FUNICULI, FUNICULA.....	<i>Denza</i>	218
AULD LANG SYNE.....	<i>Scotch Air</i>	219
ALOHA-OE.....	<i>Lilioukalani</i>	220
SUWANEE RIVER.....	<i>Foster</i>	221

PART IV

PATRIOTIC SONGS

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.....	American National Anthem.....	<i>Smith</i>	222
AMERICA.....		<i>Carey</i>	224
GOD SAVE THE KING.....	English National Anthem.....		224
THE MARSEILLAISE.....	French National Hymn.....	<i>De L'Isle</i>	225
BRABANÇONNE.....	National Hymn of Belgium.....	<i>Camphenout</i>	227
GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN.....	Italian National Song.....	<i>Olivieri</i>	228
THE MAPLE LEAF.....	Canadian National Song.....	<i>Muir</i>	230
YANKEE DOODLE.....			231
POLAND STILL LIVES.....	A Polish National Song.....	<i>Hofmann</i>	232
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.....		<i>Steffe</i>	234
THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.....		<i>Root</i>	235
HAIL, COLUMBIA!.....		<i>Hopkinson</i>	236
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.....		<i>Shaw</i>	237
DIXIE.....		<i>Emmett</i>	238
WE ARE TENTING TO-NIGHT.....		<i>Kittridge</i>	240
SPEED OUR REPUBLIC.....		<i>Keller</i>	241

PART V

ROUNDS, CATCHES AND A CANON

A BOAT! A BOAT!.....	242
WAKE FROM SLUMBER.....	242
SCOTLAND'S BURNING.....	242
ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT.....	242
MERRILY, MERRILY.....	243
THE BELL DOTH TOLL.....	243
THREE BLIND MICE.....	243
BUY MY DAINTY BEANS.....	243
THE WISE MEN.....	244
COME, FOLLOW ME.....	244
BUBBLING AND SPLASHING.....	244
ALL WHO SING.....	245
SIR, PRAY BE SO GOOD.....	245

CONTENTS

WHO'LL BUY MY ROSES?	246
WITH A DOWN, HEY, DERRY DOWN	247
MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART	248

PART VI

SACRED SONGS

MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL		<i>Bach</i>	252
UNFOLD, YE PORTALS	"The Redemption"	<i>Gounod</i>	256
CROSSING THE BAR		<i>Barnby</i>	258
THE PALMS		<i>Faure</i>	259
O REST IN THE LORD	"Elijah"	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	260
PRAYSE YE THE FATHER		<i>Gounod</i>	262
ON THEE EACH LIVING SOUL AWAITS	"The Creation"	<i>Haydn</i>	264
TELL ME, OH, YE STARS	"Zampa"	<i>Herold</i>	270
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN	"St. Paul"	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	271
O, HOLY NIGHT		<i>Adam</i>	273
THE LOST CHORD		<i>Sullivan</i>	274
NAZARETH		<i>Gounod</i>	281
LIFT THINE EYES	"Elijah"	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	284
WE LIFT UP OUR VOICES		<i>Folk Song of the Netherlands</i> ..	285
DRY YE YOUR TEARS	"The Crucifix"	<i>Faure</i>	286
CREATION'S HYMN		<i>Beethoven</i>	288
LOVELY APPEAR	"The Redemption"	<i>Gounod</i>	289

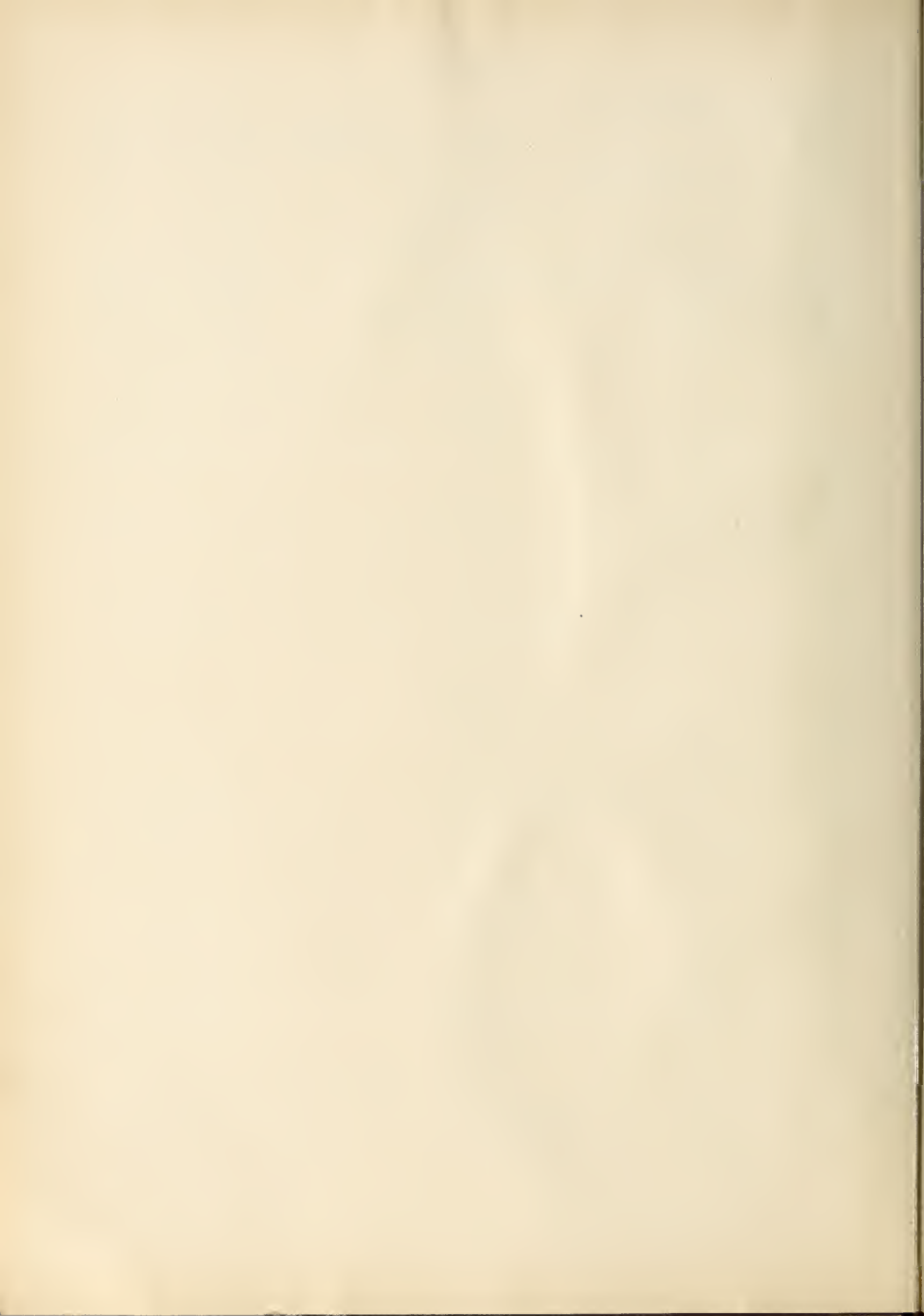
PART VII

HYMNS

ABIDE WITH ME		<i>Monk</i>	292
ALL HAIL THE POWER	Coronation	<i>Holden</i>	292
A MIGHTY FORTRESS	Luther's Hymn	<i>Luther</i>	293
AS WITH GLADNESS	Christmas and Easter Carol	<i>Russell</i>	294
CHRIST THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY	Worgan	<i>Worgan</i>	296
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING	Italian Hymn	<i>De Giardini</i>	297
FLING OUT THE BANNER	Doane	<i>Calkin</i>	297
FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO	Canonbury	<i>Schumann</i>	298
GOD, THE ALL-TERRIBLE	Russian Hymn	<i>Lwoff</i>	298
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL	Pilgrims	<i>Dykes</i>	299
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING	Mendelssohn	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	300
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY	Nicaea	<i>Dykes</i>	300
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN	Ewing	<i>Ewing</i>	301
JOY TO THE WORLD	Antioch	<i>Handel</i>	302
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	Lux Benigna	<i>Dykes</i>	302
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE	Bethany	<i>Mason</i>	303
NOW ARE FLOWN THE SHADES OF NIGHT	Seymour	<i>Weber</i>	304
NOW THAT THE SUN IS BEAMING BRIGHT	Christmas	<i>Handel</i>	304
OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL	Portuguese Hymn	<i>Reading</i>	304
O LORD, THY LOVE UNBOUNDED	"Passion Music"	<i>Bach</i>	305
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	St. Gertrude	<i>Sullivan</i>	306

CONTENTS

PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL			
BLESSINGS FLOW	Old Hundredth(Doxology) . . .	<i>Bourgeois</i>	307
SILENT NIGHT	Mohr	<i>Gruber</i>	307
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS	Webb	<i>Webb</i>	308
STILL, STILL WITH THEE	Consolation	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	308
SUN OF MY SOUL	Hursley	<i>Monk</i>	309
THE FIRST NOWELL	Old Christmas Song	<i>Traditional Air</i>	310
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD	Green Pastures	<i>Koschat</i>	310
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH	Creation	<i>Haydn</i>	311
WE FEEL THY CALM	Verdure	<i>Haydn</i>	312
WE MARCH, WE MARCH	The Good Fight	<i>Barnby</i>	312
WHILE THEE I SEEK	St. Agnes	<i>Dykes</i>	313



PART I OPERATIC SELECTIONS

THE KING OF THULE

(From the Opera "Faust.")

English Version by
D. B.

CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Marguerite is sitting at her spinning wheel after having met Faust, the handsome gallant. As she spins she sings an old-time ditty which is constantly interrupted by thoughts of Faust.

The version below unites the portions of the ancient melody and a second verse finishes the legend of the King of Thule not introduced in the operatic version of Goethe's masterpiece.

In moderate time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Once on a time in Thule of old Lived a monarch loy - al heart - ed,
2. And when at last the King grew old And up - on his couch lay dy - ing,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Slower.

To whom his love, when life de - part - ed, Left a cup of pur - est
Fond - ly he thought on her with sigh - ing, Clasp - ing close her cup of

In time.

gold; This rare gift so ten - der - ly cher - ished, This rare gift so ten - der - ly
gold; Then once more to mem - o - ry drink - ing, Then once more to mem - o - ry

Slower.

In time.

cher - ished Close at his hand was ev - er set; Oft - en his eyes with
drink - ing, Flung he the cup to the sea be - low; And in the sun - set's

Slower.

tears were wet, When (when) mus - ing on his love long per - ished.
fier - y glow He (he) watched it 'neath the wa - ter sink - ing.

FOR LIBERTY

(From the Opera "The Damnation of Faust.")

Words arranged by
T. N. T.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) was one of France's most celebrated but least fortunate composers. He entered into musical life much later than usual and against the desire of his parents. Many symphonies, operas and choral pieces as well as songs remain. Of his several operas *The Damnation of Faust* is still occasionally heard upon the stage, but it is more frequently performed in concert form by choral societies, where its success is always assured.

The Hungarian March is in the opera an entirely instrumental number, and is a most striking piece. It has now been fitted with words for the first time.

Quick march time, two in the bar. Very fiery in rendition.

PIANO.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.
TENOR AND BASS.

On we rush to meet the foe, For - ward now hear the cry, As to the bat - tle

now we go, For Lib - er - ty to do or die; Then die. . . . Then do or die. Then

hear the trump It sounds the call to arms; The hear, hear the trum - pet now sounds the call, now sounds, sounds the call, the call to arms; hear the

bu - gles blow with bra - zen sound The voice of war's a - larm's, of war's a - larms. Then

on we rush to meet the foe, For-ward, we hear the cry, As to the bat-tle

on we go, For Lib-er-ty to do or die, to do or die, Lib-er-ty!

For Lib-er-ty to do or die, For this to do or die. Then do or die, So

Come On, On, on, on, we rush to meet the foe, to meet the foe, the foe, Now

flag, red, white and blue, white and blue, We'll crush, we'll crush the might-y foe, And the for-ward, hear the cry, hear the cry, As to the fray, the bat-tle on we

ty-rant's pride lay low, so low. Then } ty to do, to do or die!

NOTE.—If desired, return to beginning and sing without repeats to ♪ and end there.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE BIRDS

(Adapted from the Sextette from the Opera "Lucia of Lammermoor.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERGAETANO DONIZETTI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This adaptation for four voices from the celebrated Sextette in *Lucia*, preserves the character of the original composition, in which, however, six characters in the opera are expressing themselves at the same time in as many different moods according to the requirements of their parts.

The present version has nothing to do with the story of opera and is intended solely that a chorus may sing it in unanimity of sentiment.

Rather broadly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

(Humming) When the sun in heav-en ris-ing, All the earth with beau-ty

TENOR
AND
BASS.

fill-eth, When that radiance fair is glow-ing ev-rywhere From the haw-thorn scent-ed moss-y

dell, Comes the sound that stirs the heart with joy, Ring-ing clear and like a
sound that clear that

lark, o'er all doth pour his *Hurrying on.*

sil-ver bell, Then the lark, o'er all doth pour his rapt'rous song, doth pour his rapt'rous

Original time.

song un-to the morn. Sil-v'ry shafts of ten-der moon-light Bid the world in peace-ful

Bid the world to rest in

slum-ber rest, And the val-leys fair are dreaming ev-'rywhere, Thro' the rust - ling branch-es

slum - ber,

gush - ing; Where the ros - es shed their per-fume sweet, On the wing - of breez-es
ros - es wing of

sounds the night-in - gale . . .

waft - ed. Hark! there sounds the night - in - gale in his glorious song un - to the list'n-ing

night. Songs . . . of birds . . . whose sing - ing clear, Prais - ing with love . . . the wak'n - ing

Songs of birds are sing - ing and wak - ing the

flow - er, Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! To

year, and thrills each flow'r, Ah! Ah! Ah! Bid - ding

year, and thrill - ing each flow - er,

wel - - - come, to wel - - - come the Spring their

wel - - - - - come to Spring, Their mel - o - dies of
wel - - - - - come to the Spring, mel - o - - - dies

Till the heav - ens, the heav - ens,

love, on and on, with joy in - crease, The heav - - - ens, the
joy - ful and gay - ly in - - - crease, Till

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! The heav - ens ech - o to their ec - sta -

heav - - - ens ech - o their ec - - - sta -
heav'ns re

sy. O, list, with-in my soul, I hear the song di - vine, With-in my soul the song di - vine,

sy. In my soul, I hear the song di - vine,
sound, And I hear the song di - vine,

fled a - way. . . .

And grief hath fled a - way, hath fled a - - - way.
fled a - way. . . .

WHERE'ER YOU WALK

(From the Opera "Semele.")

Words by
WILLIAM CONGREVE

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Very broadly.

Wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade, Trees, where you sit, shall

in - to a shade.

crowd in - to a shade, Trees, where you sit, shall crowd in - to a shade. Wher - e'er you walk,

wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade, Trees, where you sit, shall

shade,

crowd in - to a shade, shall crowd, shall crowd in - to a shade, Trees, trees, where you sit, shall

to . . . a shade.

The End.

crowd in - to a shade. Where'er you tread, The blushing flow'rs shall rise, and all things flourish, and

From the beginning.
Very slowly.

all things flour-ish, Where'er you turn your eyes, Where'er you turn your eyes, where'er you turn your eyes.

WHEN SHEPHERDS PIPE THEIR LAY

(From the Opera "Samson and Delilah.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERCAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

In this selection, which is adapted from a solo, the words sung are not in any way related to the original lines. As rendered by Delilah in her blandishments of Samson the scene is full of sentimentality which would be out of place under the present circumstances. As a Contralto solo, however, it finds acceptance in the concert rooms of the whole musical world.

Rather slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. When Shep - herds pipe their lay, At the day's gen - tle
2. How oft I sad - ly dream Of my lov'd ones with

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

wan - ing, Bring - ing ten - der notes complain - ing;
yearn - ing, And with tears my eyes are burn - ing;

L. H. . . .

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Be - hind the up - land hill, The sun - set glow is play - ing; Ah! 'tis there my
 Yet, thro' the lone - ly hours, Bright - ly I see the glow - ing Of the hearth - fires,

heart is stray - ing; Too soon the veils of night O'er the
 cheer be - stow - ing. The world with drear - y care Can - not

L. H. . . .

val - ley are thrown, Too soon the ra - diant light From the earth will be
 steal from my sight That mem - o - ry so dear Of the lamp glow - ing

Pressing on.

flown, From the earth will be flown.
 bright, Of the lamp glow - ing bright.

Slower.

Broadly.

Ah! now I go where roads are dark - ling,

Bright, . . . gold - en stars, . . . fire - flies gai - ly spark - ling

Like sparks of gold-en sun - light, Like sparks of gold-en sun - light,
 Like sparks of sun - light, Like gold - - en sun - light,

Ah! . . . I have still, . . . have still thy ra - - diance bright.

bright, Like sparks of light, thy ra - - diance bright.

COME FROM THE PRAIRIES

(Anvil Chorus from the Opera "Il Trovatore," The Troubadour.)

English Version by

D. B.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Come from the Prairies is a modernized arrangement of the original words to fit the spirit of our times, though the scene, as performed in the opera, is one of the most effective numbers that could be imagined. The armorers are beating upon their anvils, while the soldiers sing to the rhythmic swing of the hammers.

With marked rhythm.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, marked with 'tr.' (trills). The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes, also marked with 'tr.'.

The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and slurs, while the left hand maintains the rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of the piano introduction shows the right hand playing a more complex melodic figure with trills and slurs. The left hand continues with the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Come from the prai - ries where cat - tle are graz - ing, Come from the mount - ains of rock and
2. Come from A - mer - i - ca's ut - ter - most boun - d'ry, Come, let the forc - es of jus - tice

TENOR AND BASS.

The first system of the vocal introduction shows the vocal lines for Soprano and Alto (top staff) and Tenor and Bass (bottom staff). The vocal lines are simple, rhythmic patterns that mirror the piano accompaniment.

PIANO.

snow; Come to the camp where the bea - con is blaz - ing, Come in your
meet; Come from the pul - pit, the farm and the foun - dry, Come, and the

The fourth system of the piano introduction continues the vocal accompaniment. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment for the vocal lines. The system ends with a double bar line.

PIANO.

Copyright, 1920, by David Bispham.

man - hood to face the foe.
pow - er of ill de - feat!

PIANO.

TENOR AND BASS.

Striv - ing, liv - ing, help - ing, giv - ing.
Work - ing, pray - ing; no de - lay - ing.

*In march time.*o'er the o - cean,
in the dust, . . .

See, how our flag un - furled, is gleam - ing, gleam - ing o'er the o - cean, Giv - ing to
Ban - ish the wrong for - ev - er, tread it, tread it in the dust, This be our

See our flag un - furled, how it's gleam - ing, proud - ly gleam - ing o'er the o - cean, Giv - ing to the
Ban - ish wrong for - ev - er, for - ev - er, tread it, tread it in the dust, This will be our

all the world the pledge of our de - vo - tion, To the no - ble cause of truth and
mot - to ev - er, "God, in Thee we trust." Ban - ish ill, for con - quer it we

world, all the world the pledge of our de - vo - tion,
mot - to for - ev - er, "God, in Thee we trust."*To be sung very strongly and resolutely.*

right. For truth and right, for these we fight, For these in Heav - en's sight!
must! Oh, fight we must for what is just, In God the Lord we trust!

DAY OF THANKSGIVING

(From the Opera "The Basoche.")

English Version
Arranged by D. B.ANDRÉ MESSAGER
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

André Messager (1853—) a very gifted Parisian composer, has written a number of operas of a lighter character for the Opera Comique of which he was for a long time conductor, producing at that theatre "The Basoche" one of the most brilliant of his works; in it the editor of this volume made in 1891 his first professional operatic appearance on the London stage, where Messager subsequently became director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden; he also held a similar position at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Day of Thanksgiving, with some adaptation of both music and text, is one of the most striking choral numbers from "The Basoche." It should be sung with much grace and liveliness.

Very loud. In bright, lively rhythm. To be sung in full voice.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Day of thanks - giv - ing, of joy and of de - light; All

TENOR
AND
BASS.

hail to our queen who comes up - on this day, To bless our peo - ple all and

make them to re - joice, Oh! day of pleas - ure and thanks - giv - ing!

Now let the years be ban - ished from the mind When 'neath the ty - rant's

yoke we pined. Now let the years be ban - ished from the mind When 'neath the ty - rant's

heav - y yoke we pined. Day of thanks-giv - ing, of

pined 'neath heav - y, heav - y yoke.

joy and of de - light; All hail to our queen who comes up - on this day, To

Sustained.

bless our hap - py land and make it, make it young and free a - gain.

Faster.

Who hath seen . . . such charm and grace, more of

Day of thanks - giv - ing, of joy with - out meas - ure! All hail to her

Who hath seen such grace of

beau - ty of form or face? 'Twould seem the fly - ing years had

maj - es - ty, greet her with pleas - ure! 'Twould seem that the years were a -

form or face?

* Sopranos divide.

feared their weight to lay up - on our queen, but hom - age

fraid to be - tray, or to lay on our queen the weight of a

pay. Who hath seen . . . such charm and grace,

day. . . 'Twould seem that the years ran no lon - ger a - pace, Or could

Who hath, who hath such

more of beau - ty of form or face? . . .

touch our fair queen in form or face. . . .

charm of form or face? . . .

In full voice.

Day of thanks-giv - ing, of joy and of de - light! All hail to our queen who has

come on this day, To bless our peo - ple all and make them to re - joice.

Hail! day of thanks-giv-ing; Who could re-sist such grace? Such an in-no-cent

win-ning face? Who could re-sist such grace? Such an in-no-cent win-ning face?

Such a ver-y win-ning face? Day of thanksgiv-ing, of joy and of de-light! All

hail to our queen who has come on this day, To bless our

peo-ple all, and make them to re-joice a-gain. . . . re-joice . . . a-gain.

SONG OF MAY

(From the Opera "Samson and Delilah.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERCAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835—) is the sole survivor, up to the present time (1920), of the great trio of Parisian composers who have done more than any others to establish the modern French schools of musical composition, though the late Claude Debussy possessed an individuality which placed him in another category.

At seven years of age Saint-Saëns evinced extraordinary musical powers and when he was only sixteen composed his first symphony. Throughout his long life he has been in the first rank of European pianists, organists and conductors, and has written a number of operas, one of the most beautiful of them being founded on the Biblical story of Samson and Delilah from which the following piece is taken.

Very softly, not too fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Now Spring laughs a-gain in blos-som-ing
2. All hail, all hail, thou vis-ion of

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Very softly.

hours . . . Then haste ye to greet our May Queen with flowers; . . .
Spring! . . . In hom-age to thee our gar-lands we bring; . . .

Our gay voi - ces blend - ing With fragrant ros - es, Each song dis - clos - es The hap - py
Our voi - ces soar - ing, Our praise out - pour - ing, Thy pow'r a - dor - ing, Will teach the

pass - ing of the hours. The hap - py pass - ing of the hours.
hap - py thron - g to sing. Will teach the

hap - py thron - g to sing.

RA-TA-PLAN.

(From the Opera "The Daughter of the Regiment.")

English Words by
UNA FAIRWEATHERGAETANO DONIZETTI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This chorus is one of the most effective of Italian operatic numbers. It is related that Donizetti (1797-1848) joined the army to escape the arduous study of counterpoint, and no doubt the warlike rhythms of the march, in combination with his natural melodic bent, has helped to contribute to the success of most of his pieces.

Brightly, in march time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

* Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, they come! ra - ta -

plan, To the sol - dier's ear There is no such cheer As the beat - ing of the

drum. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, do you hear the call, As to

one and all The stir - ring sound doth fall, And nev - er will

pass? Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta -

* Ra-ta-plan is to be pronounced as if it were spelled Ra-ta-*plan*.

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plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, they

come! ra - ta - plan, To the sol - dier's ear There's no such cheer As the beat - ing

Faster.

drum. Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

Loud.

plan, plan! Hail un - to War! . . . that word so glo - rious! Hail un - to

thee, our land, our land vic - to - ri - ous! Hail un - to thee! . . . ne'er will our

sons from dan - ger flee, nev - er, nev - er will our sons from dan - ger flee. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

Our land vic - to - rious, Hail un - to thee!
plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, they come! ra - ta - plan, To the sol - dier's

ear, There is no such cheer As the beat - ing of the drum. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan,

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan,

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan!

BLUE WAVES ARE SPARKLING

(From the Opera "Rigoletto.")

Words by
UNA FAIRWEATHERGIUSEPPE VERDI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) undoubtedly possessed one of the most remarkable of musical minds; though his early operas were naturally of the old Italian style, yet each successive work showed a decided advance in keeping with modern progress. He wrote many sacred pieces of great value, including the majestic *Manzoni Requiem*, and over thirty grand operas, several of which will hold the stage for many years to come. *Rigoletto* was written in 1851, *Trovatore* soon after, and both are still in the repertoire. *Aida* (1871) was far more advanced than any of his previous works. *Othello* (1887) rose to supremely tragic heights upon modern musical lines; while *Falstaff* (1893) a comedy of the most brilliant character, registers the high-water mark of this superbly gifted Italian genius, who was an honor to his country and the pride of the musical world.

Blue Waves are Sparkling is an arrangement of the celebrated tenor solo known in the opera of *Rigoletto*, as *La Donna é mobile* (Woman is fickle). It is narrated of this well known piece that Verdi would not let it be heard, even at rehearsal, for fear its catching melody would get out and become known before the production of his opera. It had no sooner been sung, however, than everybody in the world was whistling it.

Quickly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Blue waves are spark - ling, 'Neath breez - es danc - ing, Ah! could the
2. Sweet child - hood laugh - ter, Through A - pril show - ers, Ah! could I

TENOR
AND
BASS.

spark - ling, 'Neath danc - ing, Ah!
laugh - ter, Through show - ers, Ah!

Sum - mer stay, That were en - tranc - ing; Blue are the vi - o - lets, In moss - y
hear thee Through life's dark hours; Sweet days of Spring - time, When hearts are

That en - tranc - ing; vi - o - lets, In
Through dark hours; Spring - time, When

hol - lows, Yet does their bloom - ing say That win - ter fol - lows;
sing - ing, Fain would they whis - per That youth is wing - ing;

Yet Fain That That Gay.
Bright

In time.

Gay, smil - ing wa - ters, Spring's blue - eyed daugh - ters, Ah! we would hold ye
Bright, care - less play - ing, In wood - land stray - ing, Ah! these shall fade not

Spring's Ah!
In Ah!

Sofly. ⁸ **PIANO.**

Through all the years, In beau - ty dear.
 Though years are gone, Hearts still are young.

PIANO.

Ah!
 Ah!

Ah! we would hold ye Through all the long years, In beau - ty dear.
 Ah! these shall fade not Though long years are gone, Hearts still are young.

THE FLOWER SONG

(From the Opera "Faust.")

Translated by
 UNA FAIRWEATHER

CHARLES GOUNOD
 Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Charles Gounod (1818—1893) was one of the greatest masters of the modern French school of music. A prolific writer of choral and operatic works, his oratorios *The Redemption* and *Death and Life (Mors et Vita)* are typical of the quiet religious fervor which seemed to animate the spirit of their composer. The operas *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet* were immediately recognized as master works of their kind and they have had success second to no other compositions ever made for the stage.

Gounod frequently visited England where some of his most beautiful songs such as "Ring Out, Wild Bells" and "The Maid of Athens" were written to poems by Tennyson, Byron and other masters of English verse.

The Flower Song is that which, in the opera *Faust* is sung by young Siebel, who is in love with Marguerite in the mediaeval city of Nuremberg. He leaves flowers at the door of his sweetheart's house, but Mephistofeles leaves a casket of jewels, to capture her imagination, in his temptation of her and Faust, to whom she has already been attracted.

1. If my voice you can hear, O blos - soms dear,
 2. Gen - tle flow - ers, rest here And tell my dear,

Lightly.

SOP.
 AND
 ALTO.

1. Ah! can rest you hear? O blos - soms dear,
 2. Ah! rest you here and tell my dear,

TENOR
 AND
 BASS.

Breathe forth in per - fumed meas - ure That she a - lone is my treas - ure,
 In your sweet pet - als a greet - ing, Comes from a heart wild - ly beat - ing.

Breathe a meas - ure to my treas - ure,
 Pet - als greet - ing, fond heart beat - ing,

Say that I yearn each hour, With love's sweet power;
 And bids you here to dwell, With His love to tell;

Speak each hour with love's sweet, love's sweet pow-er;
 With you dwell, his love to tell, his love to

. If my vows you can hear, O blos - soms dear, Say with your beau-ty so
 Gen-tle flow'rs, rest you here And tell my dear, That my love you are con-

Can tell; you hear? O blos - soms dear, Beau - ty con -
 Rest here And tell my dear, Love ty con -

ten - der, That all my life I sur - ren - der, No death like yours so sweet, To Her-
 fess - ing, Soft - ly her cheek ca - res - sing, With ev - 'ry blos - som fair, Her-

ten - der, I sur - ren - der, And Rare I your lay you
 fess - ing, Cheek ca - res - sing, Rare your blos - soms,

die at her self more feet. rare; If my vows you can hear, O blos - soms, blos - soms

at her feet. rare; my vows you hear, O blos - soms
 she more rare; my vows you hear, O blos - soms

dear, Gen - tle flow'rs, rest you here,

dear, rest here, To greet my love so fair. . .

SOUND YE THE TRUMPET

(From the Opera "The Puritans.")

English Version by

D. B.

VINCENZO BELLINI

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Vincenzo Bellini (1801—1835). Like so many distinguished musicians this Italian was the son of an organist, and became, with Donizetti, Rossini and Verdi one of that great quartet of composers whose names have been household words throughout the musical world for a century. Bellini's operas *Sonnambula* and *Norma* are unexcelled to-day for the beauty and distinction of their melodies. *I Puritani* (*The Puritans*) from which this selection is taken, is of interest to Americans as its story has to do with the early settlers of New England.

Sound Ye the Trumpet is based upon a duet sung by two baritones at the close of the second act of the opera, where it invariably makes an enormous effect. The words have been adapted so as to be of more general significance than if they were translated literally from the text of the opera.

In march time.

PIANO.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. *Very full of spirit.*

1. Sound ye the trum - pet loud and high, How ev - 'ry heart re -
 2. O - ver the earth like ea - - gles fly, Forc - ing the foe - man from the

TENOR AND BASS.

joy - - ces, Fol - low their glo - rious voi - - ces, To
 air, Mount and pur - sue him ev - 'ry-where, His

arms at break of day! Fight for the right al -
 e - - vil to re - pay; Vic - t'ry by sea and

though we die, Strike for the na - tion's glo - - ry,
 land and sky, Down with the ty - rant's pow - - er!

Long may it live in sto - - ry, For - ward to win the
Has - ten the peace - ful hour, Hail we the bright - er

fray, to arms! Strike for the na - tion's glo - - ry! To
day, to arms! Down with the ty - rant's pow - - er! We

1 *With enthusiasm.*

arms . . . at break of day! Strike for the na - tion's glo - ry, Long may it live in
Long, Long

song and sto - ry! Let ev - 'ry loy - al heart re - joice and
 Let ev - 'ry loy - al heart re - joice and

MELODY

On! car - ry on, car - ry on, car - ry on, car - ry

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with the word 'MELODY' written above it. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment lines. The music is in 3/4 time and G major.

fol - low the trump - et's glo - rious voice; On, car - ry on, car - ry on, yes,
 fol - low the trump - ets voice; On, car - ry on, car - ry on, yes,

on, car - ry on, car - ry on, car - ry on, on, car - ry on,

The second system of music consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment lines. The music continues in 3/4 time and G major.

on, car - ry on, car - ry on, Shout - ing A - mer - i - ca!
 on, To arms at break of day,

The third system of music consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment lines. The music concludes in 3/4 time and G major.

2

hail . . . the bright-er day, We hail the bright - er day.

Down with the ty - rant's pow - er! down! down!

Lord, hear us when we pray! We hail the bright - er

Down with the ty - rant's pow - er!

day, Hail we the bright - er day.

down! down!

Very loud.

LULLABY

(From the Opera "Jocelyn.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERBENJAMIN GODARD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Benjamin Godard (1849-1895) was one of the most fertile and popular of the pupils of Massenet. The *Berceuse (Lullaby)* from his opera *Jocelyn* is one of the best examples of French melodic art. Originally a vocal solo, this piece has been transcribed for violin and other musical instruments, and is constantly heard in concert rooms all over the world.

Softly. Moderately fast.

PIANO, OR VOICES HUMMING.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.
In time, not too slow.

Slower.

1. Con - cealed with - in this glade, Where thou wilt find re -
2. From world - ly care a - far, We've found a per - fect

TENOR AND BASS.

(Humming)

pose, Thy sor - row fades a - way, Thy wea - ry eye - lids
rest, Where safe, 'mid leaf - y boughs, By fra - grant winds ca -

close. As mur - m'ring zeph - yrs cool Lull the birds to their rest, Then to
ressed, We watch the days that pass Slow - ly glid - ing a - way, As we

God will I pray for all sad hearts op - prest. . .
go hand in hand and Heav - en's voice o - bey. . .

Not too slowly.

Ah! sleep a - gain and in thy dream, thy peace - ful dream, The wings of an - gels ev - er
dream, thy dream,

hide thee, And where the star - lit vis - ions gleam, 'Tis there, . . . my be-

Slower.

lov - ed, they will guide thee; Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep . . . un - til the dawn - ing
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,

light, An - - gels

light, the light, An - - gels guide my love through the night.
light, . . .

SOLDIERS' CHORUS

(From the Opera "Faust.")

English Version by
D. B.CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

In this selection an army is returning from the war. The scene represents a square in the ancient city of Nuremberg filled with people in medieval costume, who, amid flying banners and the blare of trumpets, greet soldiers in armor carrying their cross-bows, spears and shields.

In the words an attempt has been made to voice the sentiments which now, as long ago, fill all hearts under similar conditions.

In march time.

PIANO.

Glo - - ry and hon - or our bo - soms fill, . . . Brave deeds pro -

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

TENOR AND BASS.

claim us as sol - diers still; Read - - y to march at the na - tion's will, We're

ea - ger to fight, With va - lor and might Our part . . . to ful - fill

With va - lor and might, with might Our part to ful - fill

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steel, is our steel;

For thee, dan-ger ig-nored, is the blow we deal;
blow we deal;

Wage the war of the Lord, let the foe-man feel A-
let him feel

Hu - man - i - ty's weal we are fight-ing for.

gainst him we fight For jus-tice and right, Hu-man-i-ty's weal

Glo - - ry and hon - or our bo - - soms fill, Brave deeds pro -

Glo-ry and hon-or our bo - - soms fill, Brave deeds pro-claim us as

claim us as sol-diers still; Rea - - dy to march at the na-tion's will,

sol-diers still; Rea-dy to march at the na-tion's will, Ea-
still; We are

Ea - ger to fight, our part . . . to ful - fill

The End.

ger to fight, our part to ful - fill

our part to ful - fill.

Now we're home a - gain, Oh, home a-dored!

Now we're home a - gain, Oh, home a-dored! And all shall hear the foe is

Now home a - gain, we're now home a - gain, Oh, home a-dored! And all shall

van - quished, is van-quished; Hearts are beat - ing high, we must not

hear the foe is van - quished; Hearts are beat-ing high, we must,

wait, Oh, has - ten on and homeward fly! For our country's

Oh, has-ten on, Oh, has-ten! For our country's flag, yes,

flag we drew the sword, While far a - way our loved ones

for our coun - try's flag we drew the sword, While far a -

lan - - guished; . . . By ev - 'ry friend we are be-
 way our loved ones lan - guished; By ev - 'ry friend be - loved, yes,

loved, with one ac - cord They long to
 by ev - 'ry friend be - loved, with one ac - cord They long to

hear us tell of dan - ger and of pain, Their love a - waits us, . . . the heart re -
 hear us tell of dan - ger and of pain, Their love a - waits us, the heart re -

joi - ces, Soon our friends will hear our voi - ces And will wel - come us a - gain. From for - eign

shore . . . we're home once more, O glad re - frain we're home a - gain. Home!
*From ⊕ to The End.
 Slower.*

BANISH THY SORROW

English Version by D. B.

(From the Opera "Rinaldo.")

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Handel (1685-1759) was one of the greatest musical composers the world has ever seen. He was the author of a large number of operas, and of much music for orchestra and for the organ. While in England, where he lived a great part of his life, he wrote the superb oratorios of which "The Messiah" (1742) has, owing both to the grandeur of the music and the character of the words taken a firm hold upon the public mind.

"Banish thy Sorrow," from the opera "Rinaldo," is a typical example of Handel's majestic melodic and classic style.

Slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Ban - ish thy sor - row, Soon comes the mor - row;

TENOR
AND
BASS.

mor - - row

Joy shalt thou bor - row Thy sad heart to cheer. Though all's de -

nied thee, Though Fate de - ride thee, Yet con - quer thy fear.

Ah!

Ban - ish thy sor - row, Soon comes the mor - row; Joy shalt thou

mor - row:

bor - row Thy sad heart to cheer. Do thou but hear me hear . . . me

Striv - ing to cheer thee, Ah, do not fear me! My

Faster.
faith ne'er shall leave thee; Let none de - ceive thee, Sal -

Slower. *In time.*
va - tion is near. Ban - ish thy sor - row, Soon comes the

Ah!

Slower.
mor - row; Joy shalt thou bor - row Thy sad heart to cheer.

TOREADOR'S SONG

(From the Opera "Carmen.")

English Version by
D. B.GEORGES BIZET
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Georges Bizet (1838-1875) is a composer whose name will long be remembered in the annals of French musical art. Though Bizet wrote several other operas his fame will rest upon his masterpiece, *Carmen*. Bizet was a disappointed man for, following the public disapproval of his beautiful music to the drama, *The Woman of Arles*, came the failure of *Carmen*, which broke his heart. After the death of the composer both of these works received recognition and their author is esteemed wherever music is heard.

The following scene from *Carmen* takes place in the courtyard of an inn, where the people are gathered about Escamillo, their favorite Toreador, who in a solo of tremendous virility recounts the exciting incidents attendant upon the national Spanish sport of bull-fighting. The present version of the song, arranged for chorus throughout, has been fitted with words which are a free adaptation of the original.

With great spirit.

PIANO.

Loud.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Here's a toast, let's drink to - geth - er, For you my com - rades all, I will a
 2. All at once there comes a si - lence, What can the mat - ter be! Oh, what is

TENOR AND BASS.

tale un - fold:
hap - pen - ing?

Bull-fights are pleasure,
All hearts are beating,

Joy with-out measure,
Questions re-pea - ting,

R. H.
L. H.

You will thrill with pride When my skill you be - hold. See the peo - ple wait-ing,
Lo, the might-y bull rush - es in the ring! At the Pic - a - dor he

and the cir - cus filled, The place is crowd - ed a - bove, be - low;
fierc - ly rush - es, He gores and tram - ples up - on his foe;

R. H.
L. H.

All are ex-cit-ed, All are de-light-ed, Ev-ry one from far and near has
Oh, how he plung-es! Oh, how he lun-ges! See, the fren-zied beast ad-vance and

Slower.

come to the show. Hear the crowd lift up their shout-ing voi - ces,
rage to and fro! Now at last the glo-rious strength is fail - ing, Tho' a

Slower.

All the world a-waits th' impending strife; Wild the mob, each ea-ger
Ban-der - il - lo baits the bull once more; Bru-tish force is ev-er

soul re - joi . . . ces, Mad - d'ened by . the joy of
un - a - vail . . . ing Skill of man to tri umph

R.H.
L.H.

life. Come on, be gin come on. come
o'er. Come on, be gin, come on. come

on. . . . Ah! To - re - a - dor, be

Softly. *First time softly. Second time loud.*

Softly.

war . . . y, . . . To - re - a - dor, . . . To - re - a - dor, . . .

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major, with the vocal line on a treble clef and the bass line on a bass clef. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand on a treble clef and the left hand on a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

And think when fac - ing dan - ger brave - ly there Of the dark eyes that

And think when . . . there Of the dark
Of the dark the

And . . . think when fac - ing dan - ger Of the dark eyes

The second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a slur over the phrase "Of the dark eyes that". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

fond . . . ly Watch thee from a - bove, To - re - a - dor, . . .

eyes Watch - ing thee from a - bove,
gaz - ing fond - ly,

Slower.

The third system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Slower." above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment also has a "Slower." marking below it. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings.

1 *In time.* Repeat both verses. 2 *From* ☩

and (and) prom-ise give of love. love.

1 *In time.* Repeat both verses. 2 *D.S.* ☩

Last time.

love, To - re - a - dor, To - re - a - dor,

Last time.

To - re - a - dor! . . .

HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS

(From the Opera "The Freeshooter.")

English Version by
D. B.CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Weber (1765-1826) was one of the ornaments of the musical life of Europe whose name will always be associated with the great period in the development of modern musical art. Of his many compositions the grand opera, "Der Freischütz," "The Freeshooter" is the one best known by the present generation; it contains many gems of which the "Huntsman's Chorus" is a brilliant example.

Very fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. In health are the days of the hunt - er a - bound - ing, For
2. They fol - low the stag and each heart is e - la - ted, Pur-

TENOR
AND
BASS.

him doth the beak - er of life o - ver - flow; The blast of his horn o'er the
su - ing the wolf and the boar to their lair; No hunt - er is wea - ry, his

Louder.

fields is re - sound - ing, From high beet - ling crag To the wood - land be - low; How
strength ne'er a - bat - ed, Such sport is a pas - time that each one should share; But

great the ex - cite - ment, how keen is the pleas - ure, The bay - ing of hounds now is
when comes the eve - ning and home - ward they wend them, And talk of the day o'er their

heard o'er the dale; They come! They're ap - proach - ing! O joy with - out meas - ure! The
pipes and their bowls; Re - pose soon to slum - ber and dream - land will send them, To

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Slower.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la,

FIRM IS THE ICE

(From the Opera "The Troubadour.")

English Version by
T. N. T.

GIUSEPPI VERDI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

In march time, strong rhythm.

PIANO.

Firm is the ice as we

SOP. AND ALTO.

Firm is the ice as we glide a - cross the lake so clear, On

TENOR AND BASS.

Care - less we go in the

steel - y skates that shine and bright - ly glit - - ter; Care - less we go in the

The End.

sport that ev - 'ry heart holds dear, All snug and warm al-though the cold is bit - - ter.

bit - ter, bit - ter.

1. Hap - pi - ly we sing, as a - cross the fields we go, And we feel the blood a - ting - ling in our
2. Sum - mer time is dear, with its sports of field and lake, And we wel - come its re - turn with deep - est

Slower. Gai - - ly we laugh at an
In time. But in the win - ter the

fa - ces; Gai - ly we laugh at an awk - ward tum - ble in the snow, Then
pleas - ure; But in the win - ter the great - est joy in life we take, For

up we jump and rush to win the ra - ces. Sharp is the wind as it
ska - ters love the sea - son with - out meas - ure. Lit - - tle we care if the

Sharp is the wind as it
Lit - tle we care if the

Repeat from the beginning of the words.

blows from west - ern shore; Skim - ming the ice like the fly - ing bird we soar.
frost - y winds do blow, Pinch - ing our toes and our fin - gers as we go?

Skim - ming the ice like the
Pinch - ing our toes and our

IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING

Words by
G. LINLEY

(From the Opera "Lucrezia Borgia.")

GAETANO DONIZETTI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) was one of the most prolific of Italian opera composers. Sixty-four of his works have seen the stage, but of them all *Lucia of Lammermoor* and *The Daughter of the Regiment*, are among the very few that are acceptable to the public to-day

Of *Lucrezia Borgia* the famous drinking song is the sole survival. It was originally a solo, and should be sung with the greatest spirit, good-fellowship and jollity.

Gaily.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. It is bet - ter to laugh than be' sigh - - ing: When we
2. In the world we some be - ing dis - cov - - er, Far too

think how life's mo - ments are fly - ing; For each sor - row, Fate ev - er is
frig - id for friend or for lov - er; Souls un - blest, and for - ev - er re -

bring - - ing, There's a pleas - ure in store for us spring - ing, Tho' our
pin - - ing, Tho' good for - tune a - round them be shin - ing, It were

joys, like to waves in the sun - shine, . . . Glean a - while then are lost to the
well, if such hearts we could ban - ish . . . To some plan - et far dis - tant from

sun, in the sun,
ban - ish such hearts,

sight, Yet for each spark - ling ray That so pass - es a - way, Comes an -
ours, They're the dark spots we trace On this earth's fa - vored space, They are

sight, to the sight,
ours, far from ours,

Slower

oth - er as brill - iant and light. Ah! Ah! Then 'tis
weeds that choke up the fair flow'rs. Ah! Ah! Then 'tis

The original time.

bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - - ing; They are wise who re - solve to be

gay, to be gay. When we think how the mo - ments are

In time.

fly - - ing, Oh! en - joy pleas - ure's gifts while we may.

HIE TO THE FIELDS

(From the Opera "Don Giovanni.")

English Version by
D. B.W. A. MOZART
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Mozart (1756-1791) was certainly the most dazzling musical genius that ever lived, and in his short span of life produced a mass of orchestral, operatic, instrumental and vocal music of such high quality and originality that it is doubtful if it can ever be equaled, much less excelled. When little more than a baby Mozart was found by his parents in his nightgown playing beautifully in the dark upon the old spinnet. Of his operas several still hold the stage, and the following example from "Don Giovanni" is an adaptation of a duet which, in the original form, is among the choicest of the emanations from Mozart's fantasy.

Moderately fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Hie to the fields for pleas - ure, Come, come now with us a -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Melody.

Come

way; O, come! Let us en - joy our lei - sure, Be hap - py while you

Come be

Melody.

may; I'd like to, yet I dare not, I'm torn by joy and fears; I

O!

care and yet I care not, I scarce can re - strain my tears— I

scarce can re - strain my tears. (PIANO.) Can you re - sist our af - fec - tion? Temp.

Melody.

Melody.

ta - tion be - fore me you are hold - ing; Cast a - way your de - jec - tion—I'm

Melody.

Faster.

sure, sure to get a scold - ing, to get a scold - ing, to get a

Slower. *In time.* Melody.

scold - ing; Come then, come then, oh, come to the fields for pleas - ure; I'm

Melody.

O,

Melody.

torn 'tween joy and fears. . . Come now with us a - way, I'll wipe a - way my

Melody.

tears, and join us in our play. Come on, come on! I'm read - y!

Joyously.

Come with us, pret - ty Pol - ly, We'll all be gay and jol - ly, Up -

on this fes - tive day. . . . Come, ring a - round a - ro - sy, We'll

gather you a po - sy. Come out, come out and play, and play; Come on,
play,

come, come on, come on, come on, come, come on, And trip it like a

fay, A - mong the fields of hay, Up - on this hol - i - day!

LOVELY NIGHT

English Version by
T. N. T.

(From the Opera "Tales of Hoffmann.")

JACQUES OFFENBACH
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Offenbach (1819-1880) composed no less than ninety comic operas and became world-famous. Late in life upon being taunted by his friends with inability to write a grand opera, he accepted the challenge and produced "The Tales of Hoffmann," which, successful as it was, he did not live to hear performed. Owing to the fact that two theatres burnt down while this opera was being sung, it was withdrawn for some years from the repertoire, and now again has come into public favor.

The Barcarolle is sung in the Venitian Scene in the second act of the piece by two women, but for the use of students has here been transcribed for four voices. The lovely melody is a triumph of simplicity and beauty.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

In moderate time. *Very softly.*

Love - ly night, O night so calm, Thy beau - ty heals day's

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Very softly.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sor - row, Bring - ing to us sweet - est balm, O love - ly night, so

Ped. * *Ped.* *

kind! Day will come and bring its care And tire - some toil un - end - ing,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Night's fair ra - diance fills the air, And soothes each troub - led mind. . . . O

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

moon-light's fair - est ray, Lull to sleep our dis - tress - es,
 O moon-light's fair - est ray, Lull to sleep, The
 moon-light's fair - est ray, Lull to sleep our dis - tress - es,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

fret - ting of the day, Lull them soft - ly to sleep,

The fret - ting of the day, Lull soft - ly to sleep, Fair - est
fret - ting of the day, Lull them soft - ly to sleep,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Fair - est ray, Lull . . . them to sleep.

ray, Lull them to sleep, . . . to sleep Ah!
sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

In time.

Love - ly night, O night so calm, Thy beau - ty heals day's sor - row,

Very softly.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Bring - ing to us sweet - est balm, O love - ly night so kind.

Loud.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Love - ly, peace - ful night, Ah! Love - ly night so kind,

Ah! Ah! Love - ly night so

Soft. *Getting louder.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

. Lull us soft - ly to sleep, O love - ly night, Ah!

kind, O love - ly night, Lull us soft - ly to sleep, O love - ly night.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Getting softer. *Very soft.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains four phrases of "Ah!" with various melodic contours and slurs. The middle staff is a bass line with a bass clef, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs), featuring a complex texture of chords and moving lines. Three "Ped." (pedal) markings with asterisks are placed below the piano accompaniment staff.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah!

Softer and softer.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It contains four phrases of "Ah!" with various melodic contours and slurs. The middle staff is a bass line with a bass clef, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff, featuring a complex texture of chords and moving lines. The instruction "Softer and softer." is written below the piano accompaniment staff.

Ah! Ah!

Ah!

Ah! Ah!

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It contains two phrases of "Ah!" with various melodic contours and slurs. The middle staff is a bass line with a bass clef, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff, featuring a complex texture of chords and moving lines.

HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS

(From the Opera "The Troubadour.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERGIUSEPPE VERDI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Home to Our Mountains, another episode from "Il Trovatore" (The Troubadour), is one of those tuneful numbers that go to the heart of every one. The scene is that in which the old gypsy tries to induce Manrico to return to the peace of their mountain home.

Moderately.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Home to our mount - ains, Ah, wilt thou take me? There find - ing
 calm and peace, Hap - py 'twill make thee; Then will thy sing - ing, O'er blue waves
 wing - ing, Bring to my dream - ing heart Com - fort and rest. My heart is
 yearn - ing To be re - turn - ing To those dear heights where I shall find
 rest, A - far from all sor - row, No fear of the mor - row, A

Quietly.

ha - ven, a ref - uge, By soft winds ca - ressed. A - far from all

sor - row, No fear of the mor - row, To those dis - tant heights Where

Slower. We shall find rest, We shall find

we shall find rest, We shall rest, we shall rest, We shall rest, we shall

We shall find rest, We shall find

rest, O bless - - ed rest, O bless - ed

rest, O bless - ed rest, We shall rest, We shall have hap - py

rest, O bless - - ed rest, O bless - ed

rest, We shall find rest, We shall find rest. . .

rest, We shall have hap - py rest, We shall have hap - py rest. . .

AS WE ROW

(From the Opera "William Tell.")

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

English Version by
T. N. T.

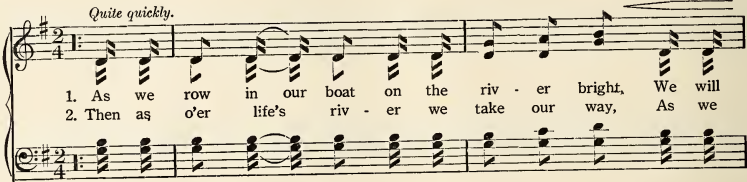
Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) is the name of an extraordinary man who in his day was regarded as the greatest of Italian musicians. Of the immense number of his compositions but few of his many operas are now heard, though the *Barber of Seville* still holds the stage, while the splendid overture to *William Tell* is often heard in the concert room.

The following selection from that opera has been fitted with words which, however, are not of the same significance as those in the libretto.

The story is current that Rossini wrote so much music that he could not remember his compositions, and even denied the authorship of the sacred cantata known as the *Stabat Mater*, which as soon as it had been performed attracted the admiration of the musical world, and is still performed by choral bodies.

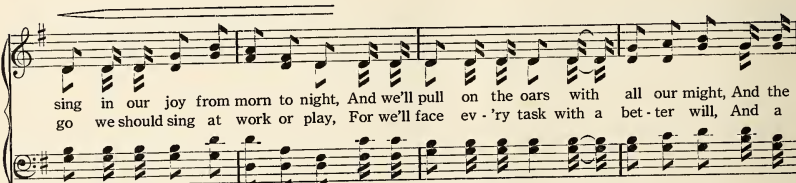
Quite quickly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



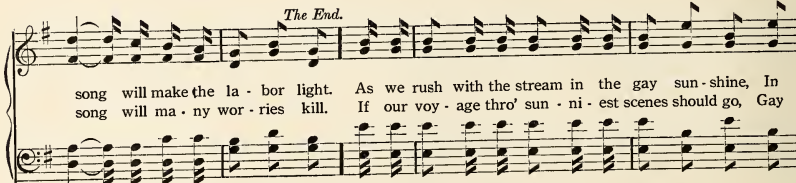
1. As we row in our boat on the riv - er bright, We will
2. Then as o'er life's riv - er we take our way, As we

TENOR
AND
BASS.

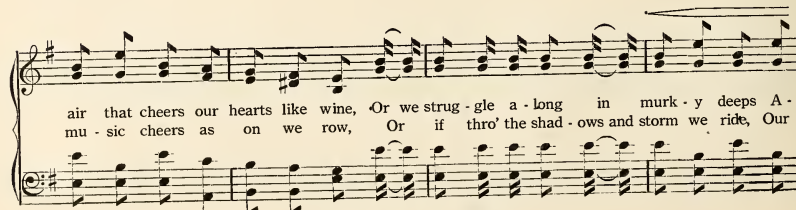


sing in our joy from morn to night, And we'll pull on the oars with all our might, And the
go we should sing at work or play, For we'll face ev - 'ry task with a bet - ter will, And a

The End.



song will make the la - bor light. As we rush with the stream in the gay sun - shine, In
song will ma - ny wor - ries kill. If our voy - age thro' sun - ni - est scenes should go, Gay



air that cheers our hearts like wine, Or we strug - gle a - long in murk - y deeps A -
mu - sic cheers as on we row, Or if thro' the shad - ows and storm we ride, Our

gainst a tide that slug - gish creeps. As we rush with the stream in the gay sun - shine, In
songs will help to stem the tide. If our voy - age thro' sun - ni - est scenes should go, Gay

air that cheers our hearts like wine, Or we strug - gle a - long in murk - y deeps A -
mu - sic cheers as on we row, Or if thro' the shad - ows and storm we ride, Our

gainst a tide that creeps. We see in the trees as we on - ward go, The birds that fly with
songs will stem the tide. Kind tho'ts like the birds bring us mu - sic sweet, To speed the days on

bright - est gleam, And the flow - ers so gay in their beau - ty sweet That deck the flow - ing stream.
fly - ing feet, And good deeds we may do are the flow - ers fair That cheer the heart thro' care.

MARCH OF THE VICTORS

(From the Opera "Aida.")

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

GIUSEPPE VERDI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

The situation in the opera of "Aida" is that of the return of the victorious Egyptian army from war in which a powerful African tribe has been conquered. As in other cases of a similar nature in this volume an attempt has been made to put an added meaning into the text.

In martial time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Come, our sa - cred shore de - fend - ing, Guard our homes from ev - 'ry
2. On the field of bat - tle fight - ing, For our homes we'd glad - ly

TENOR
AND
BASS.

foe, To the skies our shouts ascend-ing; On-ward to bat-tle for lib-er-ty strike the die, Deep-est wrongs we're brave-ly right-ing, Lib-er-ty's chil-dren, we raise the vic-tor's

blow. Glo-ry's ho-ly thrill now crav-ing, You must meet the bat-tle's cry. God, our lead-er, is be-side us In the strife, he'll be our

guide, Let the star-ry ban-ner wav-ing Thro' that hour e'er be your guide. Un-till guide, Sure-ly noth-ing can be-tide us, With our Cap-tain by our side. So we

death the foe is claim-ing, We must sing our mar-tial song, War-a-lift our ban-ner o'er us; With its star-ry field of blue, While its

Slower.
lone our hearts in-flam-ing, Till at last we've right-ed ev-'ry wrong. glo-ry goes be-fore us, To our God and coun-try we'll be true.

GOOD-NIGHT

English Version by
D. B.

(From the Opera "Martha.")

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Flotow (1812—1883) was essentially a composer of operas, of which "Martha," founded upon an Irish story, immediately became a favorite the world over and still is frequently heard, its beautiful melodies being perennially attractive. As in other pieces of the kind the editor has so altered the text as to enable a chorus to sing uniform words, whereas the original quartette expresses the sentiments of four different people.

Very softly. Now good-night,

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Now good-night,
Now good-night, Now good-

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Very softly.

PIANO.

night. Fare you well, sweet dreams at - - tend you Through the

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dark till dawn of day; All the pow'rs of good de -

fend you, And es - cort you on your way. May no

harm or ill come nigh you To dis -

May no harm or ill come

turb your slum - ber - sweet; May no
 nigh you to dis - turb your slum - ber sweet;

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef.

e - vil thing de - fy you, Peace-ful rest un - til we
 May no e - vil thing de - fy you, Peace-ful rest,

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef.

meet; Peace - ful rest till we meet. So, good-
 peace - ful rest, peace - ful rest till we meet.

The third system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef.

night, sweet dreams at - tend you, Through the dark till dawn of

This system contains the first system of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff, a bass line in the middle staff, and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are: "night, sweet dreams at - tend you, Through the dark till dawn of".

day; All the pow'rs of good de - fend you, And es-

This system contains the second system of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff, a bass line in the middle staff, and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are: "day; All the pow'rs of good de - fend you, And es-".

cort you on your way, and es-cort you. So good-night! good-night! good-

This system contains the third system of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff, a bass line in the middle staff, and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are: "cort you on your way, and es-cort you. So good-night! good-night! good-".

night, sweet re- pose,

eye - - lids close;

night, and gen - tle sleep your eye - lids close;

This system contains three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment. The bottom two staves are a piano solo, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Slower.

Softy.

Hap - py dreams till morn - ing light. Good - night till morn - ing

This system contains three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment. The bottom two staves are a piano solo, continuing the eighth-note pattern from the first system.

Slower.

Very softly.

light, So, good night! Good - - night! . . .

This system contains three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment. The bottom two staves are a piano solo, concluding the piece with a final chord.

PART II

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Words by
ALFRED TENNYSON

CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

"Ring out, wild bells" is one of the best of Gounod's separate songs. It was composed during one of his numerous visits to England, where he was a great favorite.

This piece should be rendered with constantly increasing power and enthusiasm; working up, especially, after the quiet episode about "the grief that saps the mind." The final lines from "Ring in the thousand years of peace" should be sung as the composer has directed, "gloriously," and with the deepest possible feeling.

Slowly. Ring out, Ring out, wild bells, to the wild

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Faster.
Ring out, Ring out, wild bells, to the wild

Ring out, wild bells, Ring, ring out, wild bells, Ring out, wild bells, to the wild

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Ring out,

sky, light,

sky, to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light, the frost - y light: The year is

night; die,

dy - ing in the night, in the night, Ring out, wild bells, and let him die, and let him

die,

new. Ring,

die. Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring in the new. Ring, hap - py

snow,

bells a - cross the snow, a - cross the snow. The year is go - ing, let him

go, true, *A little slower.*

go, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true, Ring out the false, ring in the

true,

In time, very quietly.

true. Ring out the grief that saps the mind, that saps the mind For those that

here we see no more, we see no more, Ring out the feud of rich and

poor, man - kind,

poor, of rich and poor, Ring in re - dress to all man-kind, Ring in re - dress to all man-

man - kind,

sin,

kind. Ring out the want, the care, the sin, the care, the sin, The faith-less

rhymes,

cold-ness of the times, of the times. Ring out, ring out my mourn-ful rhymes, my mourn-ful

rhymes, But ring the full-er min-strel in. Ring out all shapes of foul dis-
Ring out, ring out, ring out
in; Ring . . . out, ring . . . out, ring . . .

ease, Ring out the nar-row-ing lust of gold, Ring out the
ring out, Ring out, ring out, ring out, Ring out
out, ring . . . out, Ring . . . out, ring . . . out, ring . . . out, Ring the

Slower.

thou-sand wars of old, Ring in the thou-sand years of
old, wars of old.

peace, *Gloriously.* free;

peace, the years of peace. Ring in the val - iant man, the val - iant man and

peace,

hand,

free, The larg - er heart, the kind - lier hand, the kind - lier hand; Ring out the

land, Ring in,

dark - ness of the land, of the land; Ring in the Christ, Ring in the

Getting slower.

Christ, Ring in the Christ, Ring in the Christ, Ring in the Christ that is to

be, Ring in *Slower.*

In time.

be, that is to be, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

be, Christ that is to be.

LAND SIGHTING

English Version by
D. B.

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Among the works of Grieg (1843-1907) "Land Sighting" stands as a male chorus with baritone solo, but here is arranged for four-part singing throughout. The song preserves the quality of an old ballad, and one can see the Vikings on their voyage of discovery, and recognize the dignity which has ever pervaded the Norse civilization.

Of the other transcriptions of Grieg's songs contained in this volume it is unnecessary to say more than that their author stands high among the most distinctive and original song-writers of Europe, and that of his many vocal numbers all are worthy of every consideration, and will richly reward the attention of those fond of the best in song.

Moderately fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sail - ing was O - laf Tryg - va - son, Sail - ing o'er the north - ern
2. Clear - ly ap - peared to Tryg - va - son, Mar - v'ling at the won - drous

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Getting louder.

sea, Near - ing a King - dom famed in sto - ry, Where he had longed to be;
sight, Moun - tains and might - y rock - y bas - tions, Snow - fields of daz - zling white;

"Sure - ly 'tis not a vis - ion! What is that on the dim hor - i - zon yon - der?"
Then came a might - y long - ing With his peo - ple to reign o'er this new king - dom;

Seemed there to O - laf Tryg - va - son Nei - ther port nor har - bor there, har - bor there,
Fair lay the land in Spring be - decked, Wa - ter - falls were splash - ing there, splash - ing there,

Getting louder.

Dashed all lis hopes and dreams of con - quest, Van - ished in the mist - y air.
O - ver the sea a storm was rag - ing, Here breathed a balm - y air.

1

One of his har - dy sea - men Soon es - pied a loft - y peak far dis - tant.

2 *Much more slowly.*

Or - gan and bells were sound - ing, And the mon - arch spoke, Awed as by ma -
ma - gic, . . .

Slowly and religiously.

. . . gic, Awed as by ma - gic. "Here at last a glo - rious coun - try,

Melody.

End - ed now our lone - ly wan - d'ring, Par - a - dize spread out be - fore us,

Melody.

Sure - ly Heav - en watch - es o'er us; Let us rule our land in Jus - tice, Firm the Right and

Melody.

Melody.

Law up-hold-ing, This be all our best en-deav-or, Wor-ship God and praise Him

Melody.

ev-er;" And the folk, their voi-ces rais-ing, Sang with him th'Al-might-y

prais-ing; Par-a-dise spread out be-fore us, Sure-ly Heav-en watch-es o'er us;

Melody.

Let us rule our land in Jus-tice, Firm the Right and Law up-hold-ing, This be all our

Melody.

Melody.

best en-deav-or, Wor-ship God and praise Him ev-er, Wor-ship God, wor-ship God!

Slow and loud.

SPRING SONG

81

Words by
T. N. T.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) was the gifted descendant of a typically clever, highly educated and successful Jewish family. During his short life the number of works he produced stands as a marvel. No kind of music existed that did not seem to be entirely easy to him, and he was immediately accepted by the world as one of its choicest geniuses.

The celebrated "Spring Song," originally a piece for piano, is here arranged for chorus in order that its freshness and beauty may be the more widely known.

Lively.

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment for the first system is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

SOP. AND ALTO.

Oh, the gen-tle Spring is com-ing bright and gay, The birds in ma-ny

TENOR AND BASS.

The second system shows the vocal parts for Soprano and Alto (top staff) and Tenor and Bass (middle staff). The piano accompaniment continues in the bottom two staves. The lyrics are: "Oh, the gen-tle Spring is com-ing bright and gay, The birds in ma-ny".

tree-tops sing-ing hail the glo-ri-ous day; The buds on ev-'ry tree are burst-ing

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "tree-tops sing-ing hail the glo-ri-ous day; The buds on ev-'ry tree are burst-ing".

in - to flow'r, And in their beau-ty greet the joy - ous hour; The brooks are babbling

Retard slightly

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. A 'Retard slightly' instruction is placed above the piano staff.

as they take Their jour - ney to the moth - er sea, And ev - 'ry liv - ing thing is

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The tempo remains the same as in the first system.

hap - py, gay and free, The mead - ows are in bloom, the sun doth shine on high, And

Detailed description: This system contains the third two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The tempo remains the same as in the first system.

not a cloud or sha - dow dims the glo - ry of the sky, And not a cloud or

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto register, with lyrics: "not a cloud or sha - dow dims the glo - ry of the sky, And not a cloud or". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

sha-dow dims the glo - ry of the sky. The earth is glad, is hap - py, gay and

The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "sha-dow dims the glo - ry of the sky. The earth is glad, is hap - py, gay and". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

free, The earth is glad, is gay, and free, The meadows bloom, the sun doth

The third system concludes the vocal line with lyrics: "free, The earth is glad, is gay, and free, The meadows bloom, the sun doth". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

shine, And ev-'ry - thing is gay and free.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "shine, And ev-'ry - thing is gay and free.". The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, including some triplets and chords.

Oh, the gen-tle Spring is com-ing bright and gay, The birds in ma-ny

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are "Oh, the gen-tle Spring is com-ing bright and gay, The birds in ma-ny". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system, with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment and a bass line that provides harmonic support.

tree-tops sing-ing hail the glo-ri-ous day; The buds on ev-'ry tree are burst-ing

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal line lyrics are "tree-tops sing-ing hail the glo-ri-ous day; The buds on ev-'ry tree are burst-ing". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment and bass line, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

in - to flow'r, And ev - 'ry - thing is wel-com - ing the joy - ous hour, the

glad and joy - ous hour, is wel-com - ing the joy - ous hour, the glad and joy - ous

hour. We sing, we sing to greet the beautous Spring. We sing, we

sing to greet the beau-teous Spring, We gai-ly dance and sing to greet the sweet and

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "sing to greet the beau-teous Spring, We gai-ly dance and sing to greet the sweet and".

love-ly Spring, We dance . . . and gai-ly sing . . . to greet the Spring, . . . the love-ly

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "love-ly Spring, We dance . . . and gai-ly sing . . . to greet the Spring, . . . the love-ly".

Spring, . . . we greet the Spring.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "Spring, . . . we greet the Spring.".

TO A VIOLET

English Version by
T. N. T.EDWARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Moderately fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sweet vi - o - let, thou child of spring, So shy - ly un - as - sum - ing, I'll
2. Sweet vi - o - let, of pur - ple hue, 'Mid moss - y ferns deep grow - ing, Thy

TENOR
AND
BASS.

keep thee close in mem - o - ry When summer's rose is bloom - ing, The queen - ly rose is
dain - ty buds are wet with dew, Their fragrance sweet be - stow - ing, The summer's flow'r, the

bright and fair, And won - drous gay in hue, . . . But vi - o - lets, sweet vio - lets bloom, When
beau - teous rose, Is won - drous, rich and rare, . . . But af - ter win - ter's snow, thy charm Is

Slower. *In time.*

Spring - time comes a - new, . . . And thou, my pur - est, sweet - est flow'r, Dost her - ald the glad Spring -
dear be - yond com - pare! . . . So un - to thee, Spring's loveliest flow'r, Our trib - ute we are

time, . . . The har - bin - ger of sun - ny days, And birds and glad sun - shine.
sing - ing, And through the sea - sons, as they come, Thy prais - es we'll be sing - ing.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

ARTHUR FOOTE

Arthur Foote, to whose generosity is due the contribution of the following song, is one of America's most distinguished musicians. Boston is his home, and his reputation is largely due to his fine work in the artistic forms of chamber and symphonic music, and songs.

Quick and majestic.
Loud.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Hats off! hats off! A - long the street there comes A blare of bu - gles, a ruf - fle of

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Very loud.

drums, A flash of col - or be - neath the sky: Hats off! hats off! The flag is pass - ing by!

Loud.

Sea - fights and land - fights grim and great Fought to make and save the State: Wea - ry marches and

Slower. *Very softly.* *Soft and tranquil.*

sink - ing ships, Cheers of vic - to - ry on dy - ing lips; Days of plen - ty and

years of peace, March of a strong land's swift in - crease, E - qual jus - tice, right and law;

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Music Copyright, 1920, by Arthur Foote.

Softer and much slower. *Loud. First time.*

State - ly hon - or and rev - 'rent awe. Sign of a na - tion great and strong To

Loud.

ward her peo - ple from for - eign wrong; Pride and glo - ry and hon - or, all

Loud. *Always animated.*

live in the col - ors to stand or fall. Hats off! hats off! A - long the street there

comes A blare of bu - gles, a ruf - fle of drums; And loy - al hearts are

Very loud.

beat - ing high, Hats off! hats off! hats off! The flag is pass - ing by! . . .
flag is pass - ing by! . . .

THE CRUSADERS

Words by
WILLIAM DUTHIE

CIRO PINSUTI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Ciro Pinsuti (1829-1888) was one of many Italian musicians who ultimately found success in London. He published an immense number of songs and choruses of which the selections included in this volume are among the best known, and are excellent examples of the mellifluous and beautifully vocal style of their composer.

In martial time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the
2. Though bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Christ - ian men have

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Ho - ly Land; Our mail - clad war - riors through be - neath, 'Gainst Mos - lem foe or -
marched be - fore. We'll smite in death the hea - then brood, And plant the cross in

Je -
Je -

daigned to death. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!
Mos - lem blood. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!

ru - - - sa - lem! we lift our eyes
ru - - - sa - lem! thou ci - ty blest! To
Thy

Je - ru - sa - iem! we lift our eyes, we lift our eyes
Je - ru - sa - iem! thou ci - ty blest! thou ci - ty blest!

where thy sa - cred tow - ers rise,
tem - ple is our place of rest,

More animated.

To where thy sa - cred tow - ers rise, thy tow - ers rise, While bra - zen trum - pets
Thy tem - ple is our place of rest, our place of rest, And as we scale thy

Slower.

In time again.

mar - tial sound, Pro - claim the vow that swells a - round. . . Save the Ho - ly
ram - parts high, The Heav'ns shall ech - o to our cry. . . Save the Ho - ly

Sep - ul - chre, A - - men. Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre,

A - - men. Save, save . . . the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre!
Save, save, save

Slower.

Save, . . .
Save, save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - - men. . .

AN IDLE DREAM

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

EDUARD LASSEN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Eduard Lassen (1830—1904) though born in Copenhagen was virtually a Belgian musician, his education being obtained and most of his life being passed in Brussels. He was a distinguished composer of symphonic and vocal music.

"An Idle Dream" is one of many pieces by Lassen which will well repay the attention of the student of the great song period of modern Europe.

Very slowly and with deep feeling.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. I see fair mead - ows green be -
when un - to the scene I
speaks, and thro' the fra - grant

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Softly.

side a rill, Where old oaks shade the clat - t'ring mill, Sweet
swift draw nigh, I see a maid - en won - drous shy, Who
sun lit air What rap - turous words come to me there, How

Sweet
Who
How

teem,
stream,
seem,

Very softly.

1st and 2d.

blos - soms with fra - grance teem, with sweet fragrance teem, It is a dream. 2. And
walks by the rip - pling stream, by the rip - pling stream, It is a dream. 3. She
real, ah! how real they seem, ah! how real they seem, It is a

teem,
stream,
seem,

Very softly.

1st and 2d.

3d.

dream! Ah, yes, a dream, . . . an i - dle dream! . . .

3d.

SING HO! THE MERRY AUTUMN TIME!

Words and Music by LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS

Written and composed especially for this volume, this song is an excellent example of the work of an American musician of high attainments and wide influence.

Animatedly.

rhyme, . . .

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Sing ho! the mer - ry Autumn time! With a ca - dence and a rhyme, and a rhyme,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Sing ho! the

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bring us the snow,

go,

Winds blow, they'll bring snow, Now a - nut - ting let us go, let us go, a -

Winds blow, they'll bring the snow, go,

nut - ting let us go, let us go. With our songs and our laugh - ter We will get what we're

With songs laugh-ter We'll get what we're

af - ter, *In time.*

af - ter, With a ring - a - ding - a - ding, With a ring - a - ding - a - ding, While a -

af - ter,

nut - ting let us sing! Sing ho! the Au - tumn time, With the Au - tumn time, . .

O let us sing! Sing ho!

ca - dence and a rhyme, A - nut - ting let us go, A - nut - ting let us go, Sing - ing Au - tumn time,

Sing ho! sing ho!

Slower. Soon will come

ho! for the Au-tumn time!
 ho! . . . the sing ho! Soon . . .
 Soon will come the bit-ter frost, By
 Soon will come the

tem-pest all the val-ley tossed; Field and dale in man-tle pale shall sound the win-ter
 wail,
 Field and dale wail,

O, Louder and slower.

wail, O, the win-ter wail, O, the win-ter
 O, the wail, wail, Win-ter

With emphasis.

wail! But e'er its threat-ning gale, . . . But e'er its threat-ning gale.
 But

In time. Louder. rhyme, . . . Horns blow, the

Sing ho! the mer-ry Autumn time! With a ca-dence and a rhyme, a rhyme, Horns blow, the
 Sing ho! the Horns
 Horns . . .

meeting place to show,

blow, Now a-hunt-ing we will go, A - hunt-ing we will go;
A - hunt-ing we will go, we will go;

blow, Now a-hunt-ing we'll go,

de - lay - ing,
All the hounds they are bay - ing, No lon-ger must we be de - lay - ing, With a
No . . . lon - ger de - lay - ing,
The No lon - - ger de - lay - ing,

hil - ly hil - ly ho! With a hil - ly hil - ly ho! Now a - hunt-ing let us go! Sing
let us go! Sing

ho! the Au - tumn time, Sing ho! the Au - tumn time, A -
the Au-tumn time,
ho! the Au-tumn time, A -

Slower. *Very loud.*
hnt-ing we will go, A - hunt-ing we will go, Sing-ing ho! the mer-ry Au - tumn time! . . .
ho! . . . the sing ho!
ho! the mer-ry Au - tumn time! . . .

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

("Cymbeline.")

Words by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FRANZ SCHUBERT
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was another of those wonder children whose short life was literally crowded with music which burst from him as spontaneously as it did from the mind of Mozart. As with several of his contemporaries Schubert loved to write songs to the words of English poets.

It is related that while waiting for his lunch at a humble restaurant he came upon the beautiful lyric "Hark! Hark! the Lark" in a volume of Shakespeare which he was reading. At once the melody sprang into his mind; but, having no music paper at hand, he turned over the little bill-of-fare and, in a few minutes, had written on the back of it the exquisite song which has since become so widely known, and which is equal in beauty to the more stately "Who is Sylvia?"

Brightly and freshly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ - bus 'gins a -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On chal - iced flowers that

rise, 'gins to rise,

*A little slower.**In time.*

lies, On chal - iced flowers that lies, And wink - ing Ma - ry -

lies, flow'rs that lies,

buds be - gin to ope their gold - en eyes. With ev - 'ry - thing that

pret - ty bin My la - dy sweet, a - rise, With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty bin My

a - rise, . . . a - rise, . . . a - rise, . . . a -

la - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a -

rise, . . . a - rise, . . . a - rise, . . .

Slower. (Repeat the verse.)

rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise!

CHARMING MARGUERITE

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

Old French Song
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

"Charming Marguerite" is an excellent example of long-ago French ditties. From the character of the words the manner of rendering this piece will be readily understood. It could not by any stretch of the imagination be mistaken as emanating from any other than a French source.

Rather quickly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sing not to me the rose new - born, . . . Tho' she seems the ra - diant
2. Yon tu - lip flaunts her col - ors gay, . . . Tho' she en - chants, her beau - ty
3. No! yet a - gain I must con - fess . . . That I wea - ry of the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

queen of gar-lands fair, For I am wound-ed by her thorn, I've found a
gives a-larm, So to your prais-es I would say, I much pre-
mod-est vi-o-let, And in her glanc-es' soft ca-ress Find she is

REFRAIN, *Faster.*

gen-ter blos-som still more rare, }
fer a sim-pler, dain-tier charm. } She is all my heart's de-light, my heart's de-
real-ly but a sad co-quette. }

I would re-peat;

light, And her beau-teous name re-peat-ing; Star-like she shines up-on my

sight, . . . My love-ly flow'r-et my Mar-guer-ite, . . . My love-ly

1st and 2d. *Slower.* 3rd.

flow'r-et, my Mar-guer-ite. . . . flow'r-et, my Mar-guer-ite. . . .

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNEY

Joseph Barnby (1838—1896) the distinguished English composer, organist and conductor never wrote a more lovely melody than this, nor has it been surpassed by any of his countrymen.

Moderately slow.
Very softly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

TENOR
AND
BASS.

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

Softly.

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of . . . the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

Come . . . from the moon and blow,
Sil - ver sails out of . . . the west,

Slower and softer.

me, . . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

MORNING

English Version by
T. N. T.

PETER I. TSCHAIKOWSKY
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

The song "Morning" adapted for quartet with accompaniment of the piano should prove to be a favorite with all singers. Its rhythmic swing communicates itself not only to the voice but to the feet.

Very fresh rhythm.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Bright in the east are the clouds of the dawn-ing, The sun's com - ing up from the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

sea, Nod pret - ty heads all ye flow'rs of the morn - ing, The

day is a - wak - ing, you see.

Birds in the tree-tops, the dark-ness is pass-ing, Come sing me your mer-ri-est

strain, All of earth's crea-tures a-roused by the bright-ness Re-

Loud. ech-oes the joy-ous re-frain. *Softly.* Morn-ing is
Morn-ing now is

break - ing and now does the dark - ness flee,
 break - ing, break - ing and the shad - ows fly - ing, fly - ing,

Up comes the sun from the sea.
 Up the sun comes from the sea.

With expression.

Riv - - - ers and brooks as they flow sing a
 Riv - ers, riv - ers as they flow they

mel - - - o - dy In their mad flight gay and
sing a sweet . . . mel - o - dy.

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

free.

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a fermata. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a fermata. The third and fourth staves are a grand staff with piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system.

Bright in the east are the

The third system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics and a fermata. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a fermata. The third and fourth staves are a grand staff with piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system.

clouds of the dawn-ing, The sun comes in glo-ri-ous ar-ray,

Bring-ing new life to the earth and her chil-dren, For now is the

Slower to the end.

break ing of day.

WANDERING IN THE WOODS

English Version by

T. N. T.

EDVARD GRIEG

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Vivaciously.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. A - wake, a - wake, O come with me, the Sum - mer morn now
2. Oh, Sum - mer day, oh, day that brings such hap - pi - ness to
3. As sweet the day as breath of woods, or song of night - in -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

calls, O come, the sun - shine fair and clear from high - est heav - en falls; The
me, No lon - ger sad, my heart is glad as Spring's first flow'rs I see; Sing
gale, The breeze as calm as sum - mer lake en - wrapp'd in mist - y veil; Where

fra - grance of the open - ing flow'rs comes on the breeze to me. . . . So
sweet - est birds, shine sun - light gold, you call to joy care - free, . . . So
whis - p'ring beech - es raise their heads and nod in mer - ry glee, . . . So

on
call
nod

to
to
in

me,
me,
glee,

Animatedly.

thro' the green - wood hand in hand We'll wan - der mer - ri - ly, . . . So

A little slower.

thro' the green - wood hand in hand We'll wan - der mer - ri - ly, . . .

YESTEREVE

OWEN MEREDITH
(Lord Lytton)

J. ROSAMOND JOHNSON

J. Rosamond Johnson is one of the rapidly growing number of talented young negro musicians who are beginning to form a part of our national musical life. As Director of the Music School Settlement for Colored People in New York, he is doing a great work for the betterment of his race, and has kindly contributed this song to this collection.

With expression.

Since we part-ed yes - ter-eve, yes - ter - eve. Since we part - ed

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Since We part-ed yes - ter - eve, Since we part - ed
Since we part - ed yes - ter - eve. Since we part - ed

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Since we part - ed yes - - - - - ter-eve, yes - ter - eve. Since we

yes - ter - eve, I do love thee, love, be - lieve, *A little quicker.*

part-ed yes - ter - eve, I do love thee, love thee, love, be - lieve, Twelve times dear - er,
yes - ter - eve, I do love thee, love, be - lieve, do love thee, love, be - lieve,

part - ed yes-ter-eve, I love, love be - lieve,

Twelve hours lon - ger, One dream deep - er, One night stron - ger, One sun sur - er,

Thus much more, Thus much more, *Marked rhythm.*

Thus much more, E - ven thus much more, Thus much more, Thus much more Than I loved thee,

E - ven

dear, *Slower.* Loved thee, dear, be - fore.

I loved thee, dear, Than I loved thee, dear, be - fore, Since we part-ed yes - ter - eve.

Loved thee, dear, be - fore.

YELLOW AT MY FEET

English Version by
T. N. T.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Anton Rubinstein (1830-1894), the celebrated Russian composer, was also a world-famous pianist. In common with so many of his kind his genius manifested itself unmistakably while he was a very young child, and he was already a distinguished performer at the age of nine. He soon came under the influence of Liszt, whom at one time he rivaled. America will never forget Rubinstein's visit to our shores. Notwithstanding his public activities he was remarkable for the number and value of his compositions, and when at work seemed to be in the grip of some demon which urged him to enlighten the world with the beauties of music.

"Yellow at My Feet" is a fine example of his songs which are widely known and performed.

Not too slowly.

PIANO.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Yel - low at my feet, Rolls the Ku - ra so strong, Waves fleck'd with foam gai - ly
 2. Glist - ens ros - y red, Our sweet Georg - i - an wine, Dreams in its spark - les sub -
 3. Slow - ly sets the sun, Now is com - ing the night, Stars in the skies soft - ly

TENOR AND BASS.

rid - - - ing, Smiles . . . bright - ly the sun - - shine, My . . .
 sid - - - ing, Drink a toast now so gai - - - ly, To . . .
 hid - - - ing, So . . . my heart still is strug - - - gling, Through

heart . . . sings a song. Ah! Would this were ev - er a -
 life . . . so di vine. Ah! Would this were ev - er a -
 dark . . . ness to light. Ah! Would this were ev - er a -

bid - - ing, Ah! Would this were ev - er a - bid - -

Softer.

ing.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Elliott Schenck of an old Dutch-American family is one of the best known and most competent of our native musicians, to whom the editor owes a debt of gratitude not only for the following charming composition, but for his invaluable assistance in arranging this volume.

Rather quickly.
(*Second time softly.*)

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green;

And ev-'ry goose a swan, lad, And ev-'ry lass a queen. queen. Then

hey! for a boat and horse, lad, And round the world a-way, . . .
Then hey! for a boat and horse, lad, And round the world a-way, Young

hey! for a boat and hey for a boat and horse, lad, And round the world a-way,

Young blood must have its course, its course, lad,

Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev-'ry dog his day,
blood must have its course, lad, And ev-'ry dog his day, . . . And

Young blood must have its course, lad,

Getting slower. *In time.* *Sustained.*

ev - ry dog his day. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are

More slowly.

green. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown;

And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep

home and take your place there, The spent and maimed a - mong.

In time.

God grant you find a face there, You loved when it was young,

A little slower.

God grant you find one face there, You loved when it was young.

Copyright, 1920, by David B. ...

THOU

MARIE

English Version by
D. B.


ROBERT FRANZ
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Robert Franz (1815-1892) was one of the most prolific of song writers, but the individual numbers upon which he lavished such care are almost without exception short, though each is of exquisite form and perfect in workmanship, like a beautifully cut diamond of the first water.

"Marie" is a favorite example of Franz's genius both in the style of the music and of the words which inspired it.

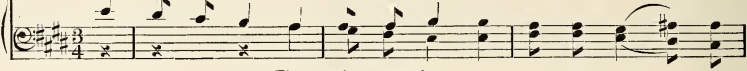
Softly, not too fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.




Thou sit - test at thy win - dow there Be - hind the sha - - dy

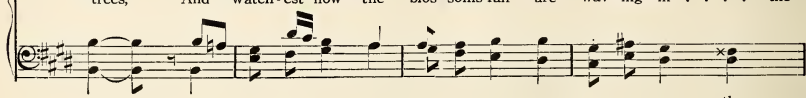
TENOR
AND
BASS.




Thou sit - test there




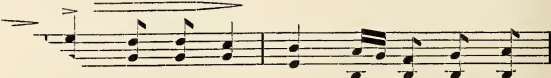
trees, And watch - est how the blos - soms fair are wav - ing in the



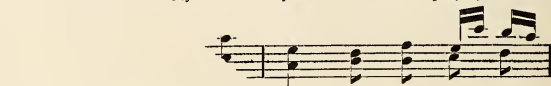
the



breeze, The wan - d'r'er pass - ing by thee there, Bends down his head to

+ thy - self just like a prayer, So



white and pure, . . . Ma - rie, How sweet - ly all the flow - ers raise Their

eyes to thy . . . dear face, But none of those on which I gaze Can

match thy come - - - ly grace; The eve - ning bells . . . now
come - ly

O may no strife
chime the hour In rest - ful har - mo - nie, May no strife, may no strife

or e - vil pow'r Dis - turb thy peace, Ma - rie. . . .

TO SPRING

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This song in its original French version was one of the many exquisite vocal solos by which Gounod, the composer of "Faust," was so widely represented upon concert programs of the last century. Unfortunately many of these songs have passed temporarily out of the musical knowledge of the present generation which could not do better than to acquaint itself with these flowers of Gounod's genius.

With animation.

PIANO.

SOP. AND ALTO.
Melody.

When the Spring laughs on Win - ter's snow, Thro' the wood - land soft

TENOR AND BASS.

Melody.

breez - es blow, Then the dais - ies are spring - ing, But - ter -

flies are wing - - ing. Melody. Let us roam where from

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics 'flies are wing - - ing. Melody. Let us roam where from'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex texture with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

leaf - y bow'r, Fra-grant rose - leaves o'er us show'r,—

The second system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics 'leaf - y bow'r, Fra-grant rose - leaves o'er us show'r,—'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, continuing the complex texture from the first system.

Melody.

Ten - der spells she is fling - ing, Come, 'tis Spring's own

The third system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics 'Ten - der spells she is fling - ing, Come, 'tis Spring's own'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, continuing the complex texture from the previous systems.

Dew-sprink- led mead- ows are
Birds in the for- est are

hour!

1st time — Dew-sprink- led mead- ows are
2d time — Birds in the for- est are

Melody.

gleam - - ing, Sun- light is stream - ing, Melody.
sing - - ing, Soft notes are ring - ing, In time.

Where gold- en sun- light is stream ring - ing, Yet in thine eyes is
With them thy soft notes are ring, ing, Peace to my bo- som

Slower. In time.

beam - - ing, A bright - - er pow'r!
bring - - ing, The lov - - er's bow'r

Slower.

In time.

Melody.

Let us roam where from leaf - y bow'r Fra - grant rose - leaves

In time.

Ped. *

Melody.

o'er us show'r, Ten - der spells she is fling - ing; Come, 'tis

Spring's own hour.

AT HONOR'S GLORIOUS CALL

Words adapted by
GEORGE R. NEVIN

ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Arranged by GEORGE B. NEVIN

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) is a name that will live through many generations in the English-speaking world through the name of his many light operas, but his songs—from one of which this piece is taken—still have an enormous vogue.

PIANO.

With spirit.

Very loud

SOP. AND ALTO. *Loud.*

Oh, give me but my Ar - ab steed, My prince de - fends his

TENOR AND BASS.

Marked.

To guard him in the

right; . . . And I will to the bat - tle speed To guard him

fight;

in the fight; His no - ble crest, I'll proud - ly wear And gird his scarf a -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'in the fight; His no - ble crest, I'll proud - ly wear And gird his scarf a -'. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Slower.

round, But I must to the field re - pair, For hark! the trum - pets'

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking '*Slower.*' is placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are 'round, But I must to the field re - pair, For hark! the trum - pets''. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth notes in the right hand.

Slower.

sound! Oh, give me but my Ar - ab steed, My prince de - fends his

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking '*Slower.*' is placed above the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'sound! Oh, give me but my Ar - ab steed, My prince de - fends his'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the previous system.

right, And I will to the bat - tle speed, To guard him in the

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics "right, And I will to the bat - tle speed, To guard him in the". The middle staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

fight, And I will to the bat - tle speed To guard him in the

Slower.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics "fight, And I will to the bat - tle speed To guard him in the". The middle staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. A tempo marking "*Slower.*" is placed above the piano staff. The piano accompaniment features a more complex texture with chords and moving lines.

fight.

In time.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, containing the lyrics "fight.". The middle staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. A tempo marking "*In time.*" is placed above the piano staff. The piano accompaniment features a dense, rhythmic texture with many sixteenth notes.

Loud.

Oh, with my Ar - ab steed I'll go At hon - or's glo - rious

Ma led.

I'll save, or with him

call; My sov - reign meets th'in - vad - ing foe - I'll sav , or

fall!

with him fall! His ban - ner 'mid the strife he braves, With fade - less lau - rels

Slower.

crown'd, Shall guide wher - e'er his falch - ion waves, But hark! the trum - pets'

Slower

sound! Oh, give me but my Ar - ab steed, My prince de - fends his

right, And I will to the bat - tle speed, To guard him in the

Slower.

fight, And I will to the bat - tle speed To guard him in the fight.

Slower.

HUMILITY

English Version by
T. N. T.

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Simply.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

A young birch grew by a stream, Far o - ver the brink it

TENOR
AND
BASS.

spread, . . .

spread, it spread, Since last I sought its cool shade, . . . How high it has reared its

head, . . . Its rais - es its branch - es a - bove me Up to the bright blue
its head,

sky, But knows no feel - ing of pride; It grows toward the sun on high. on high, it

sees the sun on high. I love you so well, dear - est birch, Your beau - ties my eyes dis -

cern, . . . God grant that the les - son you teach . . . My mind and heart may
dis - cern,

learn. . . May I in hu - mil - i - ty grow - ing, Re - mem - ber with thoughts a -
may learn.

bove, That hon - or and glo - ry and praise Must come from the God of love.

LONG AGO IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS

127

English Version by

D. B.

ANTONIN DVORÁK

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Antonin Dvorak (1841—1904) one of the most widely known of Bohemian composers, lived and worked for a considerable period in New York. One of his symphonies is called "From the New World," and is founded upon the ideas which Dvorak gathered from negro melodies. Of his many songs "Long Ago in Childhood's Days" (the original English title of which is "Songs my Mother Taught Me") is one of the most beautiful. In the present version the idea has been expanded so as to form a suitable piece for choral singing.

Very pensively.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Long a - go in child - hood days, Our be - lov - ed moth - er
2. Now my chil - dren gath - er 'round In the eve - ning sing - ing,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Taught to us those sim - ple lays, Learned from one an - oth - er, As she
And with ma - sic's cheer - ful sound All the house is ring - ing; Yet a -

Faster.

sang so low and soft To us there as - sem - - bled; Marked we
mid their glad - - ness, I am filled with long - - ing, Tears of

Slower.

how the tear - drops, oft the tear - drops, In her dear eyes trem - bled,
joy and sad - ness, tears of sad - ness, To my eyes are throng - ing.

MAY

Verses by
MAY V. GIBBONS WILLIAMS

Wm. J. McCoy
Author's arrangement

Wm. J. McCoy is one of the most learned of American musicians, his activities having been principally confined to the Pacific Coast, where not only through his music dramas and symphonic works but through his great work for music in the public schools he has made a lasting name and done untold good.

Rather sprightly.

PIANO.

SOP. AND ALTO.
Softly.

maid? "I'm A - pril's sis - ter,

Now who art thou, my dain - ty maid? . . . "I'm A - pril's sis - ter,

TENOR AND BASS.

maid? "I'm A - pril's sis - ter,

Softly, in time.

sir," she said, With smile so heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly sweet!

And mak - ing me a court' - sy fine, She dropp'd an arm - ful of

A little slower.

And mak - ing me a court' - sy fine, She dropp'd an arm - ful
 And mak - ing me a court' - sy fine, She dropp'd, She dropp'd an arm - ful

And mak - ing me a court' - sy, dropp'd an arm - ful

A little slower.

sun - shine, *In time.*

Right down a - bout my

Slower. Very slowly and softly.

of sun - shine, And dropp'd an arm - ful of sun - shine Right down, down a - bout my

In time. Slower. Very slowly and softly.

feet.

In time. Slower.

Her eyes like vi - o -

Sofly

Her blush was like the ap - ple blow; Her eyes like vi - o -

Her eyes like vi - o -

Sofly, in time *A little slower.*

lets that grow

lets that grow Be - side the mead - ow stream.

Slower.

Oh, but - ter - cups a - lone would dare To match the bright gold

A little slower.

Oh! but - ter - cups a - lone would dare To match the bright gold

Oh! but - ter - cups a - lone would dare To match. To match the bright gold

Oh! but - ter - cups - cups dare To match the bright gold

A little slower.

of her hair, And all the world did seem

A little slower.

In time.

of her hair, And all the world did seem Rich freight - ed with her fra grant
And all the world, the world did seem Rich freight-ed with her

of her hair, And all the world did seem . . .

In time *A little slower.*

fra - grant breath: *In time.*

Gradually slower.

Very slowly.

breath: . . . Now sure - ly hap - py na - ture saith, "Thrice wel - come, maid - en
fra - grant breath:

In time. *Gradually slower.* *Very slowly.*

May."

Loud. In time.

THE TICKLING TRIO

Translated from the Italian

GIAMBATTISTA MARTINI

"Padre" Martini (1706-1784) was one of the most important scientific musicians of Italy, indeed of Europe, in the eighteenth century. It was he who, toward the close of a long and busy life, took to his arms the prodigy, Mozart, when as a boy of fourteen he visited Bologna. If the following piece is not provocative of laughter it will be the first time that this celebrated composition has fallen short of its object.

TENOR. *Very softly.*

Don't tick - le me I

PIANO. *Quietly.* *Very softly.*

pray, Come let me a-lone I say, You'll make me laugh that way. Ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. Don't tick - le me I

BASS.

pray, Come let me a-lone I say, You'll make me laugh that way. Ha,

SOPS. AND ALTOS.
Very softly.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. Don't tick-le me I

TEN. AND BASS.

Very softly.

pray, ha, ha, Come let me a-lone I say, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. ha, ha, Ha,

Loud.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. Don't tick - le me I

Loud.

pray, ha, ha, Come let me a - lone I say, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. ha, ha, Ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that

Very softly.

way, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. Don't tick-le me I

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern.

Very softly.

pray, Come let me a-lone I say, You'll make me laugh that way. Ha,

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment.

Softly.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way. Don't tick-le me I

The third system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment.

Softly.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way, ha! ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, You'll make me laugh that way, ha, ha, You'll

make me laugh that way.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Much of Mendelssohn's best work was composed under the influence of the encouragement given him in England where his oratorio "Elijah" was first produced, and where he was the idol of the public. He was a great lover of English literature including Shakespeare's plays, and his music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is still fresh after nearly a century has passed. Among Mendelssohn's many songs the two included in this collection written to poems by Moore and Byron are among his most characteristic and graceful efforts.

In moderate time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

By Ce - lia's ar - bor all . . . the night, Hang, hu - mid wreath, the lov - er's

TENOR
AND
BASS.

vow, . . . And hap - ly at the morn - ing light, My love shall twine thee

at the

Much slower.

round her brow, My love shall twine thee round her brow, My love . . . shall

twine thee

thee . . . round . . .

Faster.

twine . . . thee round . . . her brow. Then, if up - on her bo - som bright Some drops of

Slower. *Slower.*

dew should fall from thee, Some drops of dew . . . should fall from thee, Some

thee,
Faster.

drops of dew should fall from thee, Some drops of dew should fall from thee, Then if up -
thee, . . . from thee, . . .

Slower. *In time.*

on her bo - som bright Some drops of dew . . . should fall from thee, . . . Tell her they

are not drops of night, But tears . . . of sor - row shed by me, by me,
me,

are not me, by me,

Slowly.

Not . . . drops . . of night, But tears of sor - row shed by me.

THE BIRD OF HOPE


CHARLES SWAIN

ROSSETTER G. COLE

Professor Cole is one of America's most scholarly and gifted composers, and worthily upholds the standard of native art. To him the editor is greatly indebted for the contribution of this song.

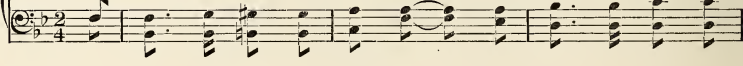

Slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

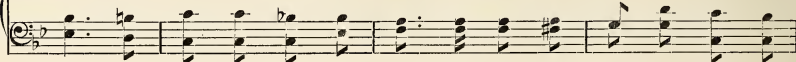
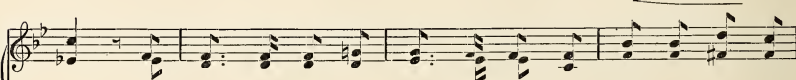


1. A gold - en cage of sun - beams Half down a rain - bow
2. And ev - er of to - mor - row The si - ren song be -
3. Though ours should be a cot - tage home, From pride and pomp a -


TENOR
AND
BASS.

hung; And sweet there - in a gold - en bird The whole bright morn - ing
gan! Oh, what on earth's so mu - sic - al As love and hope to
part; The tru - est wealth for hap - pi - ness Is still a faith - ful

sung! The wing - ed shapes a - round it grew En - chant - ed as they
man? I list - ened, think - ing still of thee, And of thy prom - ised
heart, And thus it sang— "Un - lov - ing wealth Should nev - er be pre -




heard: It was the bird of Hope, my love, It was Hope's gold - en bird!
word: It was the bird of Hope, sweet love, It was Hope's gold - en bird!
ferred!" It was the bird of Hope, sweet love, It was Hope's gold - en bird!



FROM THE PINCIAN HILL

141

English Version by
T. N. T.

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) was of Scotch ancestry, but became the most characteristically Norse composer of his time. As with so many other musicians he evinced an early aptitude for composition and had written his first work at the age of nine. His great success was largely due to the skill with which he adapted themes so nearly allied to actual traditional tunes as almost to seem to be genuine folk music.

Grieg was at his best in the smaller lyric forms, owing perhaps to extreme delicacy of health which may have prevented him from making any great concentrated effort, though his music to "Peer Gynt" is the work of a master of great resource and will not soon pass from the minds of the people.

Moderately. *Very softly.*

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Very softly.

1. Even - ing how gen - tle, sun - light how red,
2. Now it is still - er, dark - ens the sky,

All is trans - fig - ured in col - or and glo - ry, Glow - ing in light stands the
And from the shades of the past we are know - ing, All of the fu - ture that

mount - ain so hoar - y, Peace - ful and calm as the face of the dead,
 heav'n is be - stow - ing, Vague - ly a - shim - mer in gath - er - ing gray.

A little faster.

Domes from the sweet scent - ed dis - tance are peep - ing,
 Then, like a torch Rome will one day be light - ed,

Very softly.

Mists blue and gray o'er the mead - ows come creep - ing,
 Shine through the dark of fair It - a - ly be - night - ed,

Faster and louder.

Soft - - ly and dim - - ly the light to en - fold,
Bells will be toll - - ing and can - - non will blast,

The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with sixteenth-note chords and a left-hand part with triplet eighth notes.

*Slower.**Quickly and lightly.*

Weav - ing a gar - ment a thou - sand years old, }
Bright - ly will flame out the spir - it of the past. } (*Sofly.*) Glit - ters all

The piano accompaniment features a right-hand part with sixteenth-note chords and a left-hand part with eighth-note chords. The tempo changes from 'Slower' to 'Quickly and lightly' at the end of the system.

red and warm, Aft - er - glow, peo - ple swarm, Bra - zen horns sound a - bove,

The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand part of sixteenth-note chords and a left-hand part of eighth-note chords.

A little slower. *Quickly throughout.*

fra - grant flow'rs, looks of love. All we could wish shows and
It - a - ly, look to that

The first system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the tempo marking 'A little slower.' and the lyrics 'fra - grant flow'rs, looks of love.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The system concludes with a key change to three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat) and a tempo change to 'Quickly throughout.' indicated by an asterisk and a fermata over the final measure.

A little slower.

sounds ev - er near us, Beau - ty and mu - sic now cheer
blest day with long - ing, All to your aid will be through -

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'A little slower.' is present. The lyrics are 'sounds ev - er near us, Beau - ty and mu - sic now cheer' and 'blest day with long - ing, All to your aid will be through -'. The piano accompaniment features chords and a bass line. The key signature remains three flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Quickly.

us.
ing.

Sofly and lightly.

The third system of music includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Quickly.' is present. The lyrics are 'us.' and 'ing.'. The piano accompaniment features chords and a bass line. The key signature remains three flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The system concludes with the tempo marking 'Sofly and lightly.' and a fermata over the final measure.

* This and the following seven measures may be sung as a Solo.

Glit - ters all, red and warm,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a few notes with a fermata over the first measure and a trill-like figure in the second measure. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Aft-er-glow, people swarm, Bra-zen horns sound above, Fragrant flowers,

Dying away.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has more notes, including a trill-like figure. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line with some grace notes. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line.

looks of love.

After 2d verse only.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a few notes with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line.

LOVE SONG

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Brahms (1833-1897) was the last of the great line of composers of world-wide fame which included the names of Bach and Beethoven. His music is of the intellectual order as contrasted with the romantic style of many of his contemporaries. Brahms never wrote an opera but, in addition to massive orchestral and choral works, he wrote very many songs of the highest order, of which the "Love Song" is recognized as being one of the most beautifully fresh and vital.

Very tenderly, but not too slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Sweet - er rings the thrush's song When my ra - diant maid -

Detailed description: This system shows the vocal entries for Soprano and Alto (top staff) and Tenor and Bass (bottom staff). The music is in 3/4 time. The vocal lines begin with a rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

- - en Roams the wood - land fields a - mong, With her gar - lands la - den.

Detailed description: This system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) in the middle of the system.

Fair - er seem the dew - y lawns, Green - er bloom the bow -

Detailed description: This system shows the vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal lines continue with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

- - ers, Where her hands, like A - pril dawns, Rest on open - ing flow - ers.

Detailed description: This system shows the piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The key signature changes back to one sharp (F#) in the middle of the system.

But for her the world were dead, . . . Ev - 'ry blos - som fad - ed, . . .

E - ven Spring - time's even-ing red, . . . With sad clouds were shad - ed, Sad fad - ed, even-ing red,

clouds were shad - ed, clouds were shad - ed. Sweet - est Em - press, all di - vine, Leave, ah,

leave me nev - er. In my heart thy gar - lands twine, Bind -

for - ev - er, ev - er. . . ing me for - ev - er, Bind - ing me . . . for - ev - er. for - ev - er.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Sofily.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a
2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows; It calls but the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

la - dy both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the
war - ders that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be

1. both gen - tle and bright;
2. that guard thy re - pose.

They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to
Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy

glen - s from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long - ing to
bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man draws

thee,
bed,

thee, They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O hush thee, my
near. Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my

O hush thee,

Very softly.

O hush thee, my ba - - - - - bie.

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.

O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be

bro - ken by trum - pet and drum, by trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my

dar - ling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with man - hood, and wak - ing with
strife comes with man -

Softly.

day, For strife comes with man - hood and wak - ing with day. O
hood, wak - ing with day, O hush thee,

Softly.

O hush thee, O hush thee, O
hush thee, my ba - lie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O

hush thee, O hush thee,
hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my ba - bie!

Softly and slowly.

FOR THEE, DEAR HOME


English Version by
T. N. T.PETER I. TSCHAIKOWSKY
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Peter Ilitch Tschaiikowsky (1840-1893) was the most widely known of Russian composers, but with Rubinstein, his distinguished contemporary, is not considered at the present day to represent Russian music in its true character as distinctively Slavie. His "Pathetic" Symphony and other instrumental works are admired by all music lovers, though of his many operas but few have ever been heard in this country.

The melancholy which caused Tschaiikowsky's death pervades many of his vocal pieces, but the selections made for this book are chosen from among the brighter examples, of which "For Thee, Dear Home," and "Punchinello" have proved to be especial favorites.



Very fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

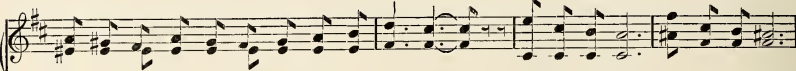


For thee, dear home, is my heart's pure de - vo - tion, On - ly in thee is the life that I

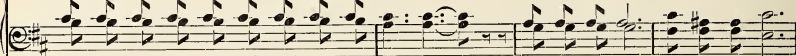
TENOR
AND
BASS.

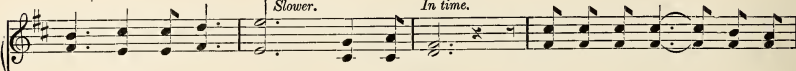
live, . . . Love that is deep as the depths of the o - cean, . . .

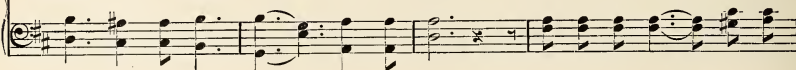

Ten - der - est care is my heart's first e - mo - tion, All that I am, all I can give,



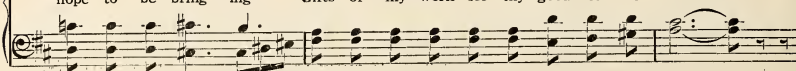
Slower. *In time.*



Dear home of mine, on - - ly for thee, On - ly for thee, is my

hope to be bring - ing Gifts of my work for thy good to re - dound.



On - ly for thee, are the flow - ers up-spring-ing, Loud in thy praise are the blest of earth

Slower.
sing - ing, Dear home of mine, yes, on - ly for thee, on - ly for thee!

This is the song of the voice of the riv - er As it flows on to its home in the

sea; . . . This is the sound of the wood - birds a - coo - ing.

True love of home all cre - a - tion im - bu - ing, Dear home of mine, so I love thee,

mine. I love thee.
Very loud Slower.
True love of home all cre - a - tion im - bu - ing, Dear home of mine, I . . . love thee.

FLORIAN'S SONG

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

BENJAMIN GODARD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Benjamin Godard (1849-1895) wrote much music, instrumental and vocal, and gained a prize with his dramatic symphony *Tasso*, a work upon which his artistic reputation was quickly founded. Intoxicated by the exaggerated success of this piece he wrote many others rapidly and with less care. The opera *Jocelyn* however, remains as one of the most beautiful of his compositions.

Florian's Song is one of the most graceful of Godard's numbers. Adapted for quartet and fitted with a new English version it retains the charm of the older French music along with a modern touch, which is characteristic of this gifted composer.

Sprightly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

(Air in Soprano.)

1. If in your vil - lage you have dwell - -
2. If to this shep - herd comes an - oth - -
3. If on his flute a tune he ren - -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. If in your vil - - lage is dwell - -
2. If to this shep - herd an - oth - -
3. If on his flute a tune he ren - -

PIANO.

Softly.

ing A shep - herd charm - ing, kind and gay,
er Who en - vys him his lambs at play,
der, To charm the ech - oes of the glade,

ing A shep - herd charm - ing and gay, a shep - herd charm - ing, kind and
er Who en - vys his lambs at play, who en - vys him his lambs at
der, To charm the ech - oes of the glade, to charm the ech - oes of the

A shep - herd charm - ing and kind and
Who en - vys his lambs, his lambs and
To charm the ech - oes of the glade, at
the

L. H.

For whom at once with fond dis - may You find your heart its love is
 And then you hear sings in the shep - herd say He'll share his flock as with a
 If, when he sings in leaf - y shade, His notes e - voke a feel - ing

gay; And at once with dis - may find your heart's love is
 play; Then you hear the shep - herd say share my flock with a
 glad; When he sings in leaf - y shade, notes e - voke a feel - ing

tell - - - ing,
 broth - - - er,
 ten - - - der,

REFRAIN.
 Ah! 'tis my love, give him to

tell - ing, is tell - ing,
 broth - er, a broth - er,
 ten - der, so ten - der,

Ah! 'tis my love, give him, give him to

me, I have his heart, . . . my faith has he!

me, give him, I have his heart, and my faith has he!

THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

GRACE HAZARD CONCKLING

FAY FOSTER

Miss Fay Foster, one of the most brilliant of American musicians, has very generously contributed the following exquisite musical gem, the words of which are founded upon the saying of a French soldier at the front, who, when on watch during a night in the trenches, heard the birds singing and exclaimed, "The nightingales are not mobilized." They, like the peasants, can scarcely be driven from their old-time homes; for, as Shakespeare says, "Nature her custom holds,"—let war do what it will.

Moderately, with simplicity. Soft. SOP. AND ALTO.

PIANO.

The night - in - gales of Flan - ders, They have not gone to

TENOR AND BASS.

war; A sol - dier heard them sing - ing Where they had sung be - fore, The

earth was torn and quak - ing, The sky a - bout to fall; The night - in - gales of

Flan - ders, They mind - ed not at all. At in - ter - vals he heard them Be -

Mak - ing a thrill - ing,

tween the guns, he said, Mak - - ing mu - sic A - bove the list'n - ing

Mak - - ing

The musical score is written for Soprano and Alto (SOP. AND ALTO) and Tenor and Bass (TENOR AND BASS). It features a piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The third system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The fourth system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The fifth system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the fifth line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

Loud. *Very soft.*

dead, Mak - ing thrill-ing mu - sic A - bove the list'n - ing dead. The

night - in - gales of Flan - ders, They have not gone to war; A sol - dier heard them sing - ing Where

they had sung be - fore. . . . Of wood - land and of or - chard, And road - side tree be -

With joy, loud. *A little slower.* *In time.*

reft; The night - in - gales of Flan - ders were sing - ing France . . . is left;

Very loud. *Faster.* *Loud as possible.*

France, France is left!

WHO IS SYLVIA?

("The Two Gentlemen of Verona.")

Words by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAREFRANZ SCHUBERT
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Moderately.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Who is Syl - via? what, what is she, That
3. Then to Syl - via let, let us sing, That

TENOR
AND
BASS.

all our swains com - mend her? (*Piano. . . .*) Ho - ly, fair and
Syl - via is ex - cel - ling; She ex - cels each

wise is she, The heav'n such grace did lend her, (*Piano. . . .*)
mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing.

That ad - mir - ed she might . . . be,
To her let us gar - lands . . . bring,

Slower. *The End. In time.*

That ad - mir - ed she might be. 2. Is she kind as
To her let us gar - lands bring.

she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness. (*Piano... .*)

To her eyes Love doth re - pair, To help him of his

Slower.

blind - ness; (*Piano... .*) And be - ing help'd, in - hab - its . . .

A little slower.

there, And be - - ing help'd, in - - hab - its there.

QUEEN OF NIGHT


Words by
DAVID K. STEVENS

ERIC MEYER-HELMUND
Arranged by GEORGE B. NEVIN

Eric Meyer-Helmund (1861—) is best known in this country by his fine "The Magic Song," but his earlier vocal pieces have a charm that is not to be denied, among them Queen of Night is one of the most popular.

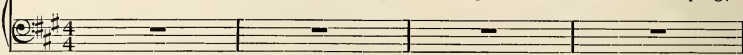
Slowly, with much feeling.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



1. Even - ing falls, the sun is sink - ing; At the pool the herds are drink - ing;
2. Na - ture's chil - dren home are creep - ing, Bird - lings in their nests are sleep - ing;

TENOR
AND
BASS.



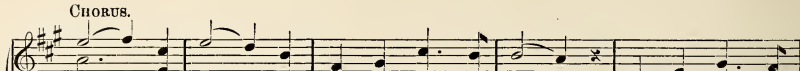
Tim - id stars are faint - ly show - ing, Comes the moon in splen - dor glow - ing!
In the pur - ple sky all queen - ly Floats the sil - ver moon se - rene - ly.



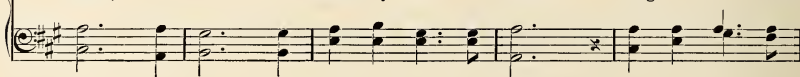
Stars are show - - ing, Faint - - ly glow - ing.
Lu - - na, queen - - ly, Shines se - - rene - - ly.



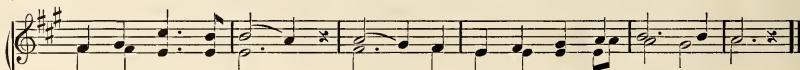
CHORUS.



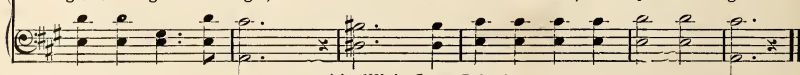
Shine, O Lu - - na! shed thy sil - ver beams! Bring to all that




slum - ber hap - - - py dreams; Fair . . . the sun . . . that

glows with gold - en light, Thou art fair - er still, O Queen of night!



LORNA DOONE'S SONG

Text, Old English

ARTHUR NEVIN

In Lorna Doone's Song, with its traditional text, Mr. Nevin, the composer of the American Indian Opera, "Poia," has contributed to this volume an original piece which should become as popular as other works by members of his gifted family.

Moderately slow.

PIANO.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Love, and if there be one, Come my love to be; My love is for the one . . .
 2. If in all this earth, love, Thou hast none but me; This shall be my worth, love,
 1. Love, if there be one, My love is for the one, the one
 2. If in this earth, love, This shall be my worth, love.

TENOR AND BASS.

Not for me the show, . . . love, Of a gild - ed
 But if so thou ev - er Striv - est to be

Lov - ing un - to me. Not for me the show, love, Of a gild - ed
 To be cheap to thee. But if so thou ev - er, ev - er Striv - est to be
 Not for me the show, love, Of a gild - ed
 But if thou ev - er the show, love, Of a
 Striv - est to be

bliss;
 free,

Very softly.

gild - ed bliss; On - ly thou must know, love, What my val - ue is. . . .
 free, be free, 'Twill be my en - deav - or To be dear to thee. . . .
 gild - ed bliss;
 free,

free, be free,

ROSEBUD

English Version by
T. N. T.

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Rapidly and lightly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Rose-bud, rose-bud bright and fair, Sweet as maid-en's,
2. Rose-bud, I will tell thee more Of my gar-den's
3. For each rose a song I bring, And its prais-es

1. Rose-bud bright and
2. I will tell thee
3. For each rose a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Rapidly and lightly.

blush-es are; Thou my gar-den's joy and pride, When thy pet-als o-pen wide,
beau-teous store; None so sweet and dear to me, As the glow-ing heart of thee.
glad-ly sing; Ev-'ry song a gar-land fair, Sym-bol of our lov-ing care.
fair;
more;
song;

Thou my gar-den's joy, . . .
None so dear-ly lov'd, . . .
Ev-'ry song a gar-land,

Slower. *In time*

When I see thee, rose - bud say, dost

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "When I see thee, rose - bud say, dost". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The tempo markings "Slower." and "In time" are placed above the vocal line.

know, dost know . . . my joy?

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "know, dost know . . . my joy?". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The tempo markings "Slower." and "In time." are repeated above the vocal line.

The third system consists of two empty staves, one for the vocal line and one for the piano accompaniment, indicating a full rest for both parts.

After third stanza. *Very softly.*

Ped. *

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment for the final section. The vocal line is empty. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and melodic fragments. The tempo marking "After third stanza." and the dynamic marking "Very softly." are placed above the piano part. A "Ped." (pedal) instruction is at the bottom, followed by an asterisk.

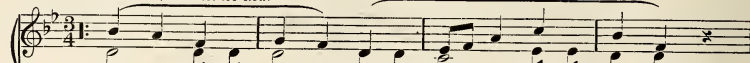
MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC

HELEN M. BURNSIDE

CIRO PINSUTI

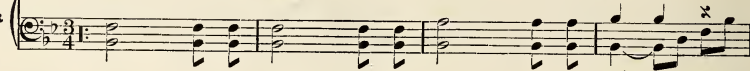
1. Moon-light and mu - sic en - tranc - ing - ly min - gle,
 2. night - in - gale sings in the syc - a - more's shad - ow,
Sustained, and not too slow.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



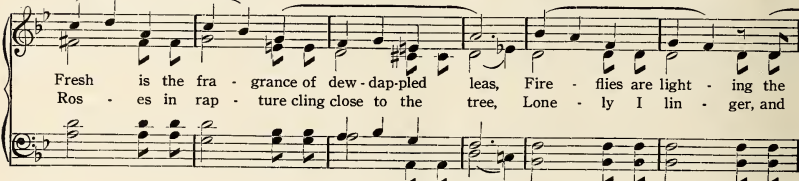
1. Moon - light and mu - sic en - tranc - ing - ly min - gle,
 2. night - in - gale sings in the syc - a - more's shad - ow,

TENOR
AND
BASS.



min - gle,
 shad - ow,

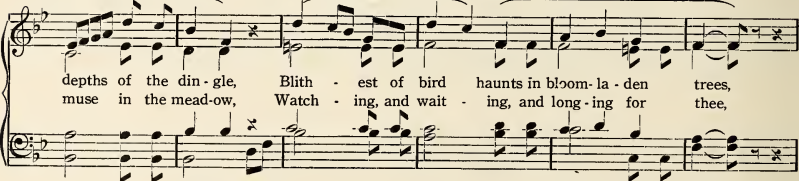
Fresh is the fra-grance of dew-dap-pled leas, Fire-flies are light-ing the
 Ros-es in rap-ture cling close to the tree, Lone-ly I lin-ger, and



Fresh is the fra - grance of dew - dap - pled leas, Fire - flies are light - ing the
 Ros - es in rap - ture cling close to the tree, Lone - ly I lin - ger, and

dew - dap - pled leas,
 close to the tree,

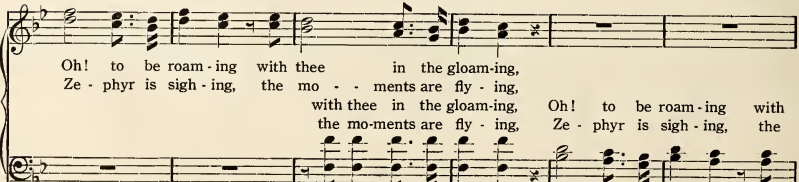
depths of the din- gle, Blith- est of bird haunts in bloom- la - den trees,
 muse in the mead-ow, Watch-ing, and wait - ing, and long - ing for thee,



depths of the din - gle, Blith - est of bird haunts in bloom - la - den trees,
 muse in the mead - ow, Watch - ing, and wait - ing, and long - ing for thee,

din - gle, bloom la - den tree,
 mead - ow, long - ing for thee,

Oh! to be roam - ing with thee in the gloam - ing,
 Ze - phyr is sigh - ing, the mo - ments are fly - ing,
 with thee in the gloam - ing, Oh! to be roam - ing with
 the mo - ments are fly - ing, Ze - phyr is sigh - ing, the



Love lives a life - time,
Come, O be - lov - ed,

with thee in the gloam-ing. Love . . . lives a life - time,
the mo-ments are fly - ing. Come, O be - lov - ed,
thee in the gloam-ing. Love, . . . , love,
mo - ments are fly - ing. Come, . . . come,

Love lives a life - time in mo-ments like these,
Come, O be - lov - ed, and wan - der with me,

love, love, love, . . . love, . . . , love lives a life - time in
come, come, come, . . . come, . . . come, O be -
love lives a life - time in mo-ments like these,
come, O be - lov - ed and wan - der with me,

love, love, love, love,
come, come, come, come,

mo-ments like these! A lov - ed, and wan-der with me, . . . and wan-der with me!

BOAT SONG

EDWARD OXENFORD

FREDERIC H. COWEN

Frederic H. Cowen (1852—) exhibited even in earliest childhood an extraordinary love of music, which he has consistently cultivated in its higher forms, writing many cantatas, oratorios, operas, and reaching the high post of conductor of the stately Philharmonic Society of London, receiving for his distinguished services every mark of consideration that the British Nation and Government could confer upon him.

Quietly.

SOP. AND ALTO.
TENOR AND BASS.

1. Row, row, gen - tly row, On the wa - ter's sil - v'ry flow! Tim - ing all your
2. Row, row, gen - tly row, Blithe - ly sing - ing as you go; Ech - oes all re -

bend - ing oars, As ye pass the smil - ing shores! One by one new beau - ties rise,
 peat your song, As ye urge the boat a - long! Wa - ter - li - lies, white and gold.

Charm - ing all your hearts and eyes, Flow'r - ets fair and state - ly trees, Trem - bling 'neath . .
 Bloss - om that ye may be - hold! Rip - pling wave - lets rise and fall, Sweet - ly har - . .
 state - ly trees, Trem - bling
 rise and fall, Sweet - ly

'neath the sum - mer breeze!
 har - mo - niz - ing all!

Softly.

. . . the sum - mer breeze! Row, gen - tly row, row, gen - tly
 'neath the sum - mer breeze! Row, . . . gen - tly row, . . . gen - tly
 har - mo - niz - ing all!

trem - bling 'neath the breeze!
 har - mo - niz - ing all!

row, As the sil - v'ry wa - ters flow, . . Breath - ing mu - sic soft and

Very softly. *Softer and slower.* Row,

low! Gen - tly row, gen - tly row, row, row.
 Gen - tly row, gen - tly row.

COME AND EMBARK

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERBENJAMIN GODARD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

In sprightly time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Come! Come let's em - bark, while the tide's flow - ing, Waits our
2. Come! Far from the shore, see, we are steer - ing, Fra - grant
3. Come! To some fair isle, fain would I guide thee, Where we'd

TENOR
AND
BASS.

boat by the reed - v shore; Un - cloud - ed skies, fresh breez - es
zeph - yrs will waft our boat; Sweet - heart, my dear, why art thou
dance to the gay bas - soon; Where my be - lov'd, sing - ing be -

blow - ing, Danc - ing wave - lets be - dew the oar. . . . The
fear - ing, Sun - kiss'd bil - lows where - on we float. . . . Ah!
side me, Ten - der vows weav - ing through the tune. . . . Such

Softly.

god of the rip - pling wa - ters, Is he whom lov - ers all should mark.
fear not, my own, what rap - ture To brave the tem - pest wild and dark.
pleas - ures be - guile all lov - ers, O, com - rades to my greet - ing bark.

Gradually slower and louder.

Young and old, . . . fool - ish and wise, Come and em - bark!

Very loud.

Young and old, and fool - ish and wise, . . . Come, em - bark, and em - bark!
Come, and em - bark,

NENIA

(The Legend of the Venetian Laces.)

English Version from E. F. RANDEGGER
by HENRIETTE B. RANDEGGER

GIUSEPPE ALDO RANDEGGER

Mr. Randegger, now to be counted among American musicians, has most generously contributed the following, "Nenia," a sad song with a repeated refrain, and desires it to be known that in his native country, Italy, the legend is that Lace-Making began many centuries ago when as an old story says, a Venetian maiden, while waiting for her fisherman sweetheart to return from sea, worked with loving hands and thoughts upon a net. The sailor never came back but she worked on and the net gradually assumed a series of patterns as the tears and sighs of the broken-hearted girl wove themselves into the meshes.

Gently.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

With fly - ing hands the maid - en weaves, And mesh on mesh is quick - ly

Slower. her

wrought, Her gen - tle sigh floats to the sea, Her love's young dream the net has caught, her

In time. *Less marked.*

dream! With cun - ning turn and e - ven knot Her work pro - ceeds, but he's a -

way! Be - ware the sea, be - ware the sea, O sail - or lad, O sail - or

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Copyright, 1920, by G. A. Randegger.

A little faster.
On tem - pest

lad! Till you re - turn, till you re - turn, the world is gray! A dread-ful
On tem - pest

till you re - turn, the world is gray! A dread-ful

wings a dread - ful cry, A fa - tal voice now rends the air, *Slower.*

cry wings now a dread - ful rends cry, A fa - tal the voice now rends the air, The maid - en

cry, a voice now rends the air,

So only. *In time.*

pales, It speaks of Death! The sail is lost, so white and fair, To Li - do's

Her net and lace so sheer and

shore he'll ne'er re - turn, The maid in tears weaves as be - fore, Her net and lace so
Her net and lace so
and

weaves as be - fore her

Slower. *Quite slowly.*

fine, lace, so sheer and fine! She grieves for him, who comes no more, no more!

no more!

A GENTLE HINT

WINTHROP PACKARD

FRANKLIN RIKER

The highly gifted young American tenor and musical composer, Franklin Riker, is one of the type of men of whom our country has reason to be proud. The following dainty composition has been written especially for this volume.

In jocular mood. As sau - ci -

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

"You may not kiss me, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

ly she tossed her head; While laugh-ter welled deep in her

Louder.

As she tossed her head, she tossed her head; welled deep in her

Sau - ci - ly she tossed her head;

eyes. And laugh-ter

eyes, in her eyes. "You may not kiss me, . . . You may not kiss me, . . . kiss me,"

welled up in her eyes. "You may not kiss me till snow flies." . . .

Slower. *In time.*

welled up in her eyes, in her eyes. "kiss me till snow flies." . . . Now

welled up in her eyes. snow flies.

this be - fell in jo - cund May, When all the air with bloom was gay; But

Much slower.

I, I wished each leaf were sere, And dull De - cem - ber days were

In time.

here; Till there be - neath the ap - ple trees, White pet - als
ap - ple trees,

Slower.

shower'd in ev - - 'ry breeze, And lay in fai - ry
ev - 'ry breeze,

Much slower. *In time.*

wind rows piled, "Ah! why how it snows," she said, and smiled.

PUNCHINELLO

(Fifinella.)

English Version by
T. N. T.PETER I. TSCAIKOWSKY
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Moderately fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Blue is the sky . . . a - bove you, Pun - chi - nel - lo, Blue . . . is the Ar - no to -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

day, All your mad pranks a - muse us, Pun - chi - nel - lo, Ev - er is your

Pun - chi - nel - lo,

Then raise your voice so spright - ly,

man - ner so gay, Then raise your gay voice now so spright - ly, Pun - chi - nel - lo, Sing

song . . . and tell us your mer-ry tale, . . . Then smile . . . your smile . . . of

Sing us your song sweet and tell us your mer-ry tale. Smile us your sweet smile of

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "Sing us your song sweet and tell us your mer-ry tale. Smile us your sweet smile of". The second staff is the piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves show the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef respectively, featuring chords and melodic lines.

mis-chief, Pun-chi-nel-lo, So will our joy . . . ne'er fail.

mis-chief, Pun-chi-nel-lo, dear, So will our joy nev-er fail.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "mis-chief, Pun-chi-nel-lo, dear, So will our joy nev-er fail.". The second staff is the piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves show the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef respectively, featuring chords and melodic lines.

Some-times a tear . . . does glist-en, Pun-chi-nel-lo, . . . Deep in your twink-ling

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "Some-times a tear . . . does glist-en, Pun-chi-nel-lo, . . . Deep in your twink-ling". The second staff is the piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves show the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef respectively, featuring chords and melodic lines.

eye, your eye, Some-times you sigh while laugh - ing, Pun - chi - nel - lo,

tears glist - en,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "eye, your eye, Some-times you sigh while laugh - ing, Pun - chi - nel - lo,". The second staff is the bass line, with lyrics: "tears glist - en,". The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with various musical notations including chords and rests.

Tell us the rea - son why, Ah!

O tell us, Ah! ah!

O tell us, Ah! ah!

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "Tell us the rea - son why, Ah!". The second staff is the bass line, with lyrics: "O tell us, Ah! ah!". The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with various musical notations including chords and rests.

Slower. why, tell us why. Ah! you know sor - row

Tell us the rea - son why, why. Ah! you too know sor - row some-

Tell us why.

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics: "*Slower.* why, tell us why. Ah! you know sor - row". The second staff is the bass line, with lyrics: "Tell us the rea - son why, why. Ah! you too know sor - row some-". The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with various musical notations including chords and rests.

some-times, Pun-chi-nel-lo;

sto-ry could un-fold, . . . And

times, Pun-chi-nel-lo; Ah! Your ach-ing heart a sad sto-ry un-folds, . . . And

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "some-times, Pun-chi-nel-lo; Ah! Your ach-ing heart a sad sto-ry un-folds, . . . And". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. It features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

how . . . you laugh . . . we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo,

how do you laugh so, we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo, dear, Bur-dened with sor-rows un-

how . . . you laugh . . . we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo,

how do you laugh so, we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo, dear, Bur-dened with sor-rows un-

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "how . . . you laugh . . . we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo, how do you laugh so, we know not, Pun-chi-nel-lo, dear, Bur-dened with sor-rows un-". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff.

told. Blue is the sky . . . a - bove you, Pun-chi-nel-lo, Blue . . . is the

told. Blue is the sky . . . a - bove you, Pun-chi-nel-lo, Blue . . . is the

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "told. Blue is the sky . . . a - bove you, Pun-chi-nel-lo, Blue . . . is the". The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems, with a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff.

Ar - no - to - day, All your mad pranks do a - muse us, Pun - chi - nel - lo,
Pun - chi - nel - lo,

Ev - er voice . . . so spright-ly, Pun-chi
E'er . . . is your man - ner so gay; . . . Then raise . . . your voice, . . . sing
raise your dear voice now so spright-ly, dear

nel - lo, Sing us your song . . . and tell us your tale, . . . and Smile . . that
sweet, Tell us your . . . gay tale . . . and Smile . . that
fel - low, and Sing us your sweet song and tell . . . your tale, Smile that gay

smile . . . of mis - chief, Pun - chi - nel - lo,

smile . . . of mis - chief, oh, smile, Then shall our joy ne'er fail, Then shall our
smile now of mis - chief and smil - ing gay,

Pun - chi - nel - lo, song,

joy ne'er fail, Tell us your mer - ry tale, Pun - chi - nel - lo, Sing us your song, yes, sing,

joy . . . ne'er fail, Pun - chi - nel - lo,

Then shall our joy nev - er fail, Pun - chi - nel - lo, Then shall our joy ne'er fail.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

Words by
LORD BYRON

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

In moderate time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

There be none of beau - ty's daughter's, With a mag - ic like to thee, And like

mu - sic on the wa - ters Is thy sweet voice to me, Is thy sweet voice to

me, When, as if its sound were caus - ing The charm'd o - cean's paus - ing, The

waves lie still and gleam - ing, And the lull'd winds seem dream - ing, And the lull'd winds seem

dream - ing, And the mid - night's moon is weav - ing Her bright chain o'er the

deep, Whose breast is gen - tly heav - ing, As an in - fant's a - sleep, Whose breast is gen - tly

heav - ing, As an in - fant's a - sleep. . . . So the spir - it bows be -

Slower. *In time.*

fore thee To lis - ten and a - dore thee, With a full, but soft e - mo - tion Like the

swell of sum - mer's o - cean, Like the swell of sum - mer's o -

cean, Like the swell of sum - mer's o - cean.

LOVE AND SUMMER

Words by
MARY ROWLES

Composed by
JOHN E. WEST

Mr. West's charming "Love and Summer" is a typical and excellent example of the beautiful art of four-part writing so successfully practised and for so long a time, by so large a number of his English brethren.

Lightly and softly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Down the flow'r - y mead - ow way, At the end - ing of the day,
2. Ap - ple blos - soms flut - tered down, Wood - bine wove its fra - grant crown,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. In the hap - py June - time;
2. With a wreath of ro - ses.

Love and Sum - mer used to stray In the hap - - py June - time; Clo - ver clus - tered
On the hedge - row o - ver - grown, With a wreath . . . of ro - ses. Nev - er ro - ses

1. In the hap - py June - time;
2. With a wreath of ro - ses.

at their feet, Twi - light shad - owed their re - treat; Oh! the thros - tles' songs were sweet,
were so fair As the buds un - fold - ing there; Nev - er flow'rs grew a - ny - where

1
Sweet - er than at noon - time, . . . Sweet - er than at noon - time.

Sweet . . . er than at noon - time, than . . . at noon - time.
Sweet . . . er, sweet - er than at noon - time, than . . . at noon - time.

Sweet - er, sweet . . . er than . . . at noon - time.

2
Like the or - chard po - sies, . . . Like . . . the or - chard po - sies.
Like the or - chard po - sies, the or - - chard po - - sies.
Like the or - chard po - sies, Like the or - - chard po - - sies.
Like the or - - - - - chard po - - - - - sies.

Slowly. *Quietly.* You were Summer, dear, you know. . . . I . . .
That was long and long a - go: You were Sum - - mer,
You were Summer, dear, you
You were Sum - - mer,

. . . . was Love, you told me so,
I was Love, In the glad June wea - ther, In the
know, I was Love, you told me so, In the glad . . . June
I was Love, In the glad . . . June

glad June wea - ther. Long a - go, but joys be - gun In In that haunt of
wea - - ther.

Like its flow'rs have o - ver - run, Like its flow'rs have
shade and sun, Like its flow'rs have o - ver - run
Like its flow'rs have o - ver - run, Like its flow'rs have

Softly and a little slower.

o - ver - run All our years . . . to -

o - ver - run All our years . . . to - geth - er, to -

First time.

geth - er. Tho' life's win - ter now we see, You are Sum - mer

still to me, And my love trans - cends for thee, All its prom - - - ise

All its prom - ise

old - en, One in heart and aim be - low, When for us the amaranths blow,

Thro' the gate - way gold - en, thro' . .

Hand in hand, dear, may we go Thro' the gate - way gold - en, the
Thro' the gate - way, thro' the gate - way, the

Thro' the gate - - - - way, the

... the gate-way

gate-way gold-en, Thro' the gate-way gold-en.

Getting louder.

SUMMER EVENING

English Version by
T. N. T.

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Moderately fast.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. One beau-ti-ful Sum-mer eve I strolled, With-in a lone-ly,
2. A maid-en slim with rib-bon red, Her gold-en hair con-
3. What dreamed she there, the slen-der child, A-lone in gen-tle

TENOR
AND
BASS.

vale,
fin-ing,
shades? *Tranquilly.*

lone-ly vale, The rocks stood bright in the Sun's last gleam, In fra-grant birch-es a-
fin-ing fair, Sat knit-ting there in the Sun's last rays, Her qui-et herds be-
twi-light shades? A-lone, a-lone, but no fear she knows, Her long-ing gaze o'er the

Softer. Tranquilly.

long the stream A breeze was sighing, A breeze was sighing, No sound re-ply-ing, So still the vale.
side her graze. Her watch she keepeth, Her watch she keepeth, The stream soft sleepeth, In sunlight shin-ing.
hill-side goes. Hark, distant singing, Hark, dis-tant singing! Its ech-oes ring-ing In si-lence fades.

THE TWO GRENADIERS

English Version by
WILLIAM H. FURNESS

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Arranged by ELLIOT. SCHENCK

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) one of the amazing group that lived at the same time or followed one another in close succession, was yet another example of the manifestation of that genius which seems only to need to find a worthy medium to burst upon the world with dazzling light. Though Schumann became insane nothing could disturb the quality of his music which possessed a value so great that it will always hold a permanent place in the literature of the art.

Of his many songs "The Two Grenadiers" is perhaps the finest patriotic ballad that was ever written, and is particularly interesting at this time because of its French story and the introduction of the French national anthem "The Marseillaise."

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

In march time.

To France, once were trav'ling two Gren-a-diers, From bond-age in Rus-sia re-

TENOR
AND
BASS.

(Melody.)
two Gren-a-diers,

(Melody.)

turn-ing, And when they came to the Ger-man fron-tiers, They

And (Melo-
Ger-man fron-tiers,

(Melody.)

dy.) There

hung down their heads in mourn-ing; There came then the heart-breaking news to their ears, That

France was by for-tune for-sak-en. All scat-tered and slain were her brave Gren-a-diers, And Na-

pol-eon, Na-pol-eon was tak-en; Then wept they to-geth-er, those Gren-a-

tak-en;

(Melody.)

diers, At their coun - try's de - part - ed glo - ry, "Woe's me," said

Gren - a - diers, (Melody.) "Woe's me," said

one in the midst of his tears, "My old wound how it burns at the sto - ry," The oth - er
sto - ry,"

Yet . . .

said, "The end is come, What a - vails a - ny lon - ger liv - ing? Yet

What is my

I've a wife and child at home, An ab - sent fa - ther griev - ing; What is my

wife? What is my child! Dearer thoughts in my bo - som a - wak - en. Go beg
wife or child to me? (Melody.) Go beg

Go beg wife and child, When with hun-ger wild. . . . Na-pol-eon, Na-pol-eon is
 wife and child, . . . hun-ger wild. (Melody.)

More rapidly. (Melody.)

tak-en, Oh, grant me, broth-er, my on-ly prayer, When in death my eyes are
 tak-en, Oh,

clos-ing, Oh! Take me to France and bu-ry me there. In France be my ash-es re-
 clos-ing,

This cross . . . of the
More rapidly.

pos-ing; This cross of the le-gion of hon-or bright, . . . Let it lie near my heart up-
 Must

Slower.

on me, Give me mus-ket in my hand, And gird my sa-bre
 on . . . me, . . .

In martial time.

on me... Oh! There will I lie and a - rise no more, My watch like a sen - ti - nel

on . . . me.

And the

keep - ing, . . . Till I hear the cannon's thund'ring roar, And the squadrons a - bove me

keep - ing, yes, keep - ing,

sweep - ing, . . . Then the Em - per - or comes and his ban - ners wave, With their ea - gles o'er him

sweep - ing, yes, sweep - ing,

bend - ing, Their ea - gles o'er him bend - ing, . . . And I will come forth all in

Slower. *Very slowly.*

arms from my grave, Na - pol - eon, Na - pol - eon de - fend - . . . ing.

fend - ing.

SUNRISE

English Version by
T. N. T.EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Very lively.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Up comes the day in or - ange and gold, Storm-clouds are fad - ing,
2. O - ver the stream, the breez - es blow, Rip - pling the waves as

TENOR
AND
BASS.

bra - zen and bold, O - ver the mead-ows fast glid - ing, Day's might-y king now is
on - ward they flow, Mov - ing with rest - less com - mo - tion, On to the depths of the

Softly.

rid - ing. "Up, a - way," the birds now say, Earth's glad voi - ces cry "A - way!"
o - cean. "Up, a - way," the breez - es say, Earth's glad voi - ces cry "A - way!"

Wake thou, my hope, in
Very softly.

Wake sun - shine, Wake thou, my hope, in sun - shine. in sun - shine.

Wake

birds say,
breez - es say,

"Up, a - way," the birds now say, the birds, the birds now say, now say - ing, "Up, a - way," the
"Up, a - way," the breez - es say, the breez - es, breez - es gen - tly say - ing, "Up, a - way," the

birds say,
breez - - es say,

birds now say, the birds, the birds now say, "Up, a - way," Birds now say, "Up, a - way,"
breez - es say, the breez - es, breez - es say, "Up, a - way," Breez - es say, "Up, a - way,"

birds now say, birds now say, birds now say. Wake thou, my Hope, in sun - shine.
breez - es say, breez - es say, breez - es say, Wake thou, my Hope, in sun - shine.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

BEWARE

H. W. LONGFELLOW

J. L. HATTON

Hatton (1809-1886) received in his youth a very little education and yet made himself known by the grace of his music throughout the English-speaking world.

Moderately.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She
2. She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She
3. And she has hair of a gold - en hue; Take care! Take care! And
4. She gives thee a gar - land wov - en fair; Take care! Take care! It

TENOR
AND
BASS.

The musical score for Soprano and Alto is in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderately'. It features four lines of lyrics corresponding to the numbered verses.

Softly.

can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware! Be - ware!
gives a side glance and looks down; Be - ware! Be - ware!
what she says, it is not true, Be - ware! Be - ware!
is a fool's cap for thee to wear, Be - ware! Be - ware!

The musical score for Tenor and Bass is in 4/4 time, marked 'Softly'. It continues the lyrics from the previous system.

Softly. *Slower.*

Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee!

The musical score for Tenor and Bass continues with the final line of lyrics, marked 'Softly' and 'Slower'.

OPEN THY BLUE EYES

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

JULES MASSENET
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Jules Massenet (1842—1912) was one of the most celebrated of all French composers. A highly educated and versatile man he was at the age of thirty-six a member of the French Academy, having been previously decorated with the Legion of Honor. Of the hundreds of works of this extraordinary man the operas "Manon" and "Thaïs" are those most frequently heard in this country.

"Open Thy Blue Eyes" is one of a series of songs (Poems d'Amour) of great beauty. It is to be hoped that music lovers will now devote themselves more particularly to the study of the songs of those nations of Europe which have for over half a century suffered a partial eclipse.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

O - pen thy blue eyes now, my

TENOR
AND
BASS.

(Melody in Tenor.)

PIANO.

dear . . . est, Day dawns a - bove.

'Tis the joy-ous lark that thou hear - - - est, In songs of

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "'Tis the joy-ous lark that thou hear - - - est, In songs of". The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

love; Au - ro - - ra bids the dew - y ro - - - ses

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "love; Au - ro - - ra bids the dew - y ro - - - ses". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Their dreams for - sake, The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "Their dreams for - sake, The". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.

ten - - - der Mar - guer - ite un - clos es,

Wilt thou not wake?

Wilt thou not wake?

Slower.

Slower.

O - pen thy blue eyes now, my dear est, Day dawns a -

Slower.

Slower.

A little more deliberately, very quietly.
(Melody in Soprano.)

bove. Tho' you say na - ture's face en - chant - eth The hours a -

A little faster.

way, To love, her beau - ty more en - hanc - - eth, Than sum - mer

day. From my soul songs of love are flow - - ing With ten - der

This system contains the first two systems of music. The top system features a vocal line with lyrics and a bass line. The bottom system features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line.

art, And the ra - diant sun - light is glow - - - - ing

This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The top system features a vocal line with lyrics and a bass line. The bottom system features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line.

Slower.

With - in my heart.

This system contains the fifth, sixth, and seventh systems of music. The top system features a vocal line with lyrics and a bass line. The bottom system features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The tempo marking "Slower." is placed above the first measure of the vocal line.

DAMASCUS

(From the Oratorio "Naaman.")

Words Selected and Written by
WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEWMICHAEL COSTA
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Michael Costa (1808-1884) came of a Spanish family of distinction, but was born and educated in Italy and the latter part of his life was spent in England where his talent as a musical conductor was immediately recognized. He subsequently became director of the Philharmonic orchestra and of the Royal Opera, in London. Costa had much success with his oratorios in England, his "Naaman" and "Eli" owing much of their success to the inspiration of Mendelssohn.

With martial spirit.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

With sheath-ed swords and bows un-strung, And spears and shields with gar-lands hung, Our

might-y men of val-or come. Our glo-rious Cap-tain of the war, Re-

turn-eth in his bra-zen car, Tri-umph-ant, tri-umph-ant to nis home, Our

en-e-mies are serv-ants now; Be-neath the slav-ish yoke, They bow, they

bow, to Sy-ria's might-y King. They bow, they bow to
they bow, to Sy-ria's

Sy - ri - ia's might - y King. (PIANO.)

. Ben - ha - dad's darts in Ne - ro's hands, (PIANO.) .

. When - ev - er Na - a - man commands, Are plumed, are

plumed from Vic - tory's wing; The man - y - voic - ed crowd, man - y-voiced crowd, Ex -

ult - ing shout-eth loud, Our no - - - ble he - - - ro's

Our he - ro's no - ble name, our he - ro's no - ble name. Our

name and worth. Maid - ens ad - vance With maidens advance

he - ro's no - ble name, our he - ro's no - ble name,

song and dance, And wel - come him, and wel - come him, and

with song and dance,

all with mirth, Wel - come, wel come

welcome with mirth, wel - come, O wel - come, wel - come, O wel - come,

Sy - ri - a's de - fend - - er, Wel - - come, wel - - - come

Sy - ri - a's de - fend - er, Sy - ri - a's de - fend - er, Wel - come, O wel - come, wel - - - come

Dread of all her en - e - m - i - e - s; Un - - to thee her

Sy - ri - a's de - fend - er, Sy - ri - a's de - fend - er, Wel - come, O wel - come, wel - come, O wel - come,

daugh - ters ren - - der Praise, praise for thy great
wel - come, O wel - come! Sy - ria's de - fend - ed, Sy - ria's de - fend - er, Praise for thy vic - ries

vic - - - to - ries, Wel - come, wel - - come,
Wel - come, O wel - come,
praise for thy vic - t'ries, praise for thy vic - t'ries, Wel - come, O wel - come,

Sy - ri - as de - fend - - er, Wel - - come, Dread of all her
Sy - ria's de - fend - er, Sy - ria's de - fend - er,
Dread of her en - e -

en - - - e - mies, Un - - to thee her
en - e - mies, of her en - e - mies,
mies, all hail! Hail un - to thee! Hail un - to thee! Her

daugh - ters ren - - der Praise, praise for thy great
daugh - ters and sons ren - der thee prais - es, Praise for thy vic - t'ries, praise for thy vic - t'ries,

vic - - to - ries. (PIANO.)

praise for thy vic - to - ries.

. Praise for vic - to - ries, Hail, all hail!

Hail, all hail, Na - a - man! Thy deeds of glo - ry, When thy

no - ble race, thy no - ble race is run, Shall re - an - i -

mate the sto - ry Told by fa - ther to the son. . . .

HOME, SWEET HOME, AND RUBINSTEIN'S MELODY

Arranged by ARTHUR NEVIN

To Arthur Nevin, brother of the composer of "The Rosary" we may be grateful for the contribution of the following piece, in which his combination of two famous melodies is as witty as it is ingenious.

WOMEN'S VOICES.

1. 'Mid pleas - - ures and pal - a - ces . . . though . . .
 * 2. An ex - - ile from home, . . . splen - dor daz - -

Softly.

MEN'S VOICES.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

PIANO.

we may roam, Be it ev - - - er so
 zles in vain! Oh, . . . give me my

..... Ah! Ah!

Copyright, 1920, by Arthur Nevin.

* Second verse sung more softly with male voice humming.

hum - - - ble, there's no place like home!
 low - - - ly thatch'd cot - - - tage a - gain!

Ah! Ah!

. A charm from the sky seems to
 The birds, sing - ing gai - - - ly, that

. Ah! Ah!

hal - - - low us there, Which, seek
 came at my call: Give me them

Ah! Ah! Ah!

through the world, is nev - - er met else -
and the peace of mind dear - - er than them

..... Ah! Ah!

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics written below the notes. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, showing chords and melodic lines. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "through the world, is nev - - er met else - and the peace of mind dear - - er than them". Below the vocal staves, there are two instances of "Ah!" with dotted lines indicating a long note or breath.

where!
all!

.....

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics written below the notes. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "where! all!". Below the vocal staves, there are two instances of "....." indicating a long note or breath. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many chords and moving lines.

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves for the piano accompaniment. It continues the complex texture from the previous system, with many chords and moving lines. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Return to second verse.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

2

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home. Be it ev - - - er so

The first line of the second verse includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a fermata over the first measure. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

2

The piano accompaniment for the second line continues the harmonic support for the vocal line, maintaining the same rhythmic and melodic patterns.

hum - - - ble, there's no place like home.

The third line of the second verse shows the vocal line concluding with a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a fermata, mirroring the vocal line.

The piano accompaniment for the fourth line features a more complex texture with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand, leading to a final fermata.

PART III

POPULAR AND FOLK SONGS

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Harmonized and Contributed by
CARL DIFON (Of Philadelphia)

Negro Folk Song
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home,

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home, Swing low, sweet

char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home, . . . Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,

Very softly

Com-in' for to car-ry me home, Com-in' for to car-ry me home, I

Very softly.

look o-ver Jor-dan, and what do I see? A band of an-gels

Swing low, sweet char-o-ot,

Full and getting louder and faster.

com-in' af-ter me. *Louder.* Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Swing low,

Com-in' for to car-ry me home, Swing low, swing low, swing low, swing low,
Swing low, swing low, sweet

Getting slow.
Swing low, Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me
char-iot,

Almost a whisper, as if far away in heaven.
home, . . . Com-in' for to car-ry me home! . . .

LONG, LONG AGO

205

Words by
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1777-1839) the author of this touching song is known to the present day by little else in music, but so beautiful a melody and such homely words will never fade from human recollection.

Slowly and feelingly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
You by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
Then to all oth - ers my smile you pre - ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side Long, long a - go, long a - go.

ANNIE LAURIE

Words by
WILLIAM DOUGLASS

Lady JOHN SCOTT
Arranged by N. T.

These well-known lines were written to Miss Annie Laurie, a beautiful Scotch girl, by her admirer William Douglass, early in the Eighteenth Century. The familiar music by Lady John Scott was not added until 1847. Perhaps no song in the English language is more universally known.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly falls—the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like—the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing, Is the fall o'her fai-ry feet, And like

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
face it is the fair-est, That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

Slower and very soft.

ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

Italian Melody
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

There is scarcely a person in the world who does not know this fascinating tune, which is thoroughly characteristic of Italy and has for many years been associated with Venice, its canals and its gondolas.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Ah, fly my gon-do-lier, A-cross the blue la-goön, The
2. A-long the si-lent stream, How gen-tly now we glide, And

waves are gen-tly lap-ping, Be-neath the sil-v'ry moon, They
drift past dream-ing shad-ows, Ah, were she by my side! The

seem to bring me ti - dings From one I long to greet, She
breez - es gen - tly blow - ing Would waft the boat for thee, They

waits a - cross the wa - ter With wel - come warm and sweet,
fain would haste our meet - ing Of love and ec - sta - cy.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Words by
BEN JONSON

Old English Air
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

The composer of this beautiful tune remains unknown; but one small page of manuscript without accompaniment is said to be treasured in London, an eloquent proof of the genius of some one who perfectly fitted with his song the lovely poetry of "rare Ben Jonson."

Very smoothly and rather slow

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with -
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, As giv - ing it a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
hope that there It could not with - ered be; But thou there - on didst on - ly breathe And

ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's nec - tar sup, I would not choose but thine.
sent'st it back to me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

CHIQUITA

(Spanish Folk Song)

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHERJ. R. DE GOMIS
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK*With pronounced rhythmic swing.*

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. When the shad - ows . . . gen - tly gath - er, And the
2. Where the ros - e's . . . tan - gled ar - bors Crim - son

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Shad - ows gen - tly gath - er, And the
2. Ros - e's tan - gled ar - bors Crim - son

palm trees . . . light - ly sway, . . . Gai - ly wing - ing, . . . i - dly
gar - lands . . . o'er us fling, . . . Ev - er know - ing, . . . eyes are

palm trees light - ly sway, . . . Gai - ly wing - ing, i - dly
gar - lands o'er us fling, . . . Ev - er know - ing, eyes are

A little slower.

swing - ing, . . . All the maid - ens now . . . can play; . . . From the
glow - ing, . . . At the se - cret they . . . could tell; . . . Watch the

swing - ing, All the maid - ens now can play, yes, play; From the
glow - ing, At the se - cret they could tell, could tell; Watch the

jas - mine . . . fra - grance gush - ing, Fount - ains splash - ing . . . dew - y
twirl - ing . . . and the whirl - ing Of the danc - ers' . . . witch - ing

jas - mine fra - grance gush - ing, Fount - ains splash - ing dew - y
twirl - ing and the whirl - ing Of the danc - ers' witch - ing

spray . . . Dance a meas - ure, . . . mer - ry pleas - ure, . . . 'Neath the
spell, . . . Heels are tap - ping, . . . gai - ly rap - ping, . . . Fans are

spray . . . Dance a meas - ure, mer - ry pleas - ure, Be - neath the
spell, . . . Heels are tap - ping, gai - ly rap - ping, And fans are

moon-beam's soft, ten - der ray, . . . Ah, Chi - qui - ta, ah, Chi -
wav - ing their an - swer swell! . . . Ah, Chi - qui - ta, Chi -

moon - beam's soft, ten - der, soft, ten - der ray. Ah, Chi - qui - ta,
wav - ing their an - swers, their an - swer swell!

qui - ta, ah, Chi - qui - ta, there I would find you there When
ah, Mia Chi - qui - ta, Chi - qui - ta, there I would find . . . you, you, you
find . . . you there When

ah, Mia Chi - qui - ta, ah, Chi - qui - ta, I would find . . . you there,

man - do - lins thrum - ming your cas - ta - nets join in the strain, the strain,

strain,

Dance once a - gain, whirl in the dance with the maid - ens of Spain.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

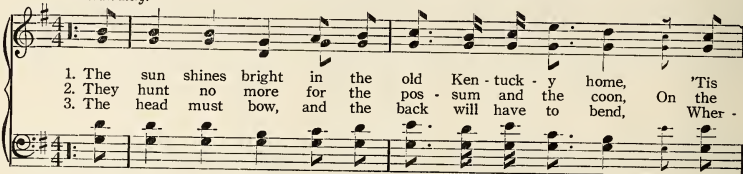
Words by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburgh, Pa., touched with most of his songs, which were written before the Civil War, a sympathetic note in the hearts of all Americans, white people as well as the colored folks whose inner sentiment he, though of Irish descent, seemed to catch so perfectly. The music and words of his songs came spontaneously and always together.

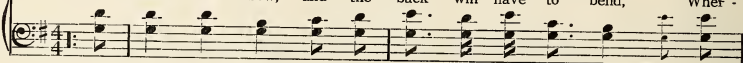
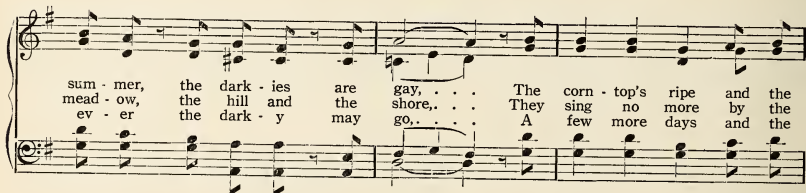
Moderately.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

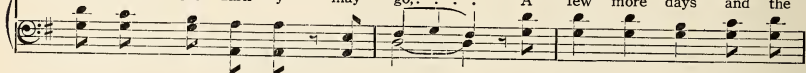
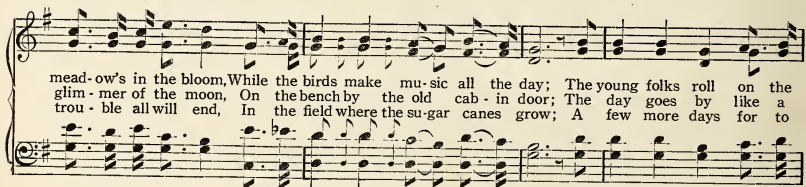


1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-

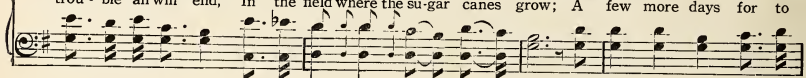
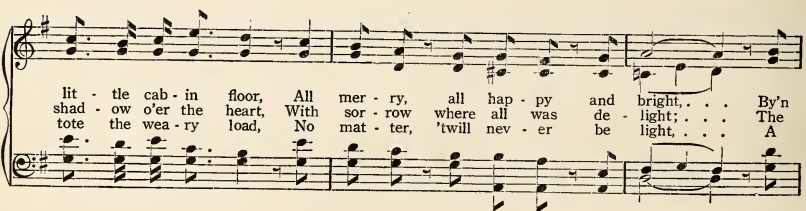
TENOR
AND
BASS.

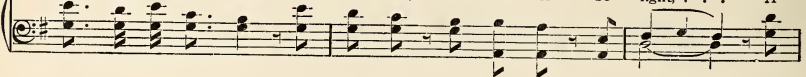
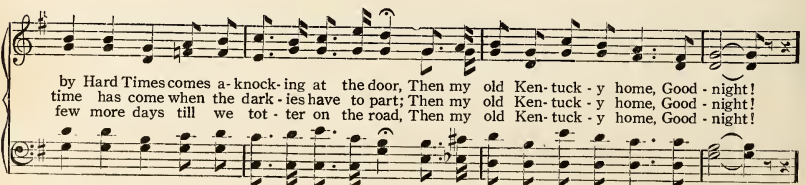
sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay, . . . The corn-top's ripe and the
mead-ow, the hill and the shore, . . . They sing no more by the
ev-er the dark-y may go, . . . A few more days and the

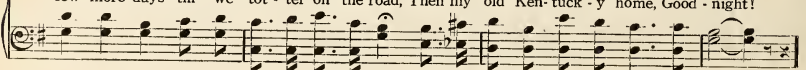
mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a
trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar canes grow; A few more days for to

lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, . . . By'n
shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light, . . . The
tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, . . . A

by Hard Times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!
time has come when the dark-ies have to part; Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!
few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!



CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

English Version by
HAROLD BOULTON

Old Welsh Air
Arranged by N. T.

This is a characteristically beautiful romantic melody, handed down among the Welsh people, where music and poetry in the Celtic language are cultivated at the yearly festivals or Eistedfods, which have for many centuries been held all over Wales. The custom has descended from the time of the Druids and their Bards; the ancient costumes are still worn, and the victors are crowned with laurel.

Quietly and not too slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guar-dian an - gels
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All thro' the night; My true harp shall
3. Hark, a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

TENOR
AND
BASS.

God will send thee All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
praise thee on - ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, a - las, is o - ver.
heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home thro' the night. Earth - iy dust from off thee shak - en,

Soft - - - - - ly
Gent - - - - - ly
Then - - - - - soon

Hill and dale in slum - ber steep - ing, Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All thro' the night.
Yet the dreams of love shall ho - ver, Near the pres - ence of thy lov - er, All thro' the night.
Soul im - mor - tal thou shalt wak - en With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, Home thro' the night

JOHNNY SANDS

Old Rhyme

JOHN SIMMONDS

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. A man whose name was John-ny Sands, Had mar-ried Bet-ty Hague; And
2. "For fear that I should cour-age lack, And try to save my life, Pray

tho' she brought him gold and lands, She prov'd a ter-ri-ble plague. For oh, she was a
tie my hands be-hind my back," "I will," re-plied his wife. She tied them fast, as

scold-ing wife, Full of ca-price and whim. He said that he was tired of life, And
you may think, And when se-cure-ly done, "Now stand," said she, "up-on the brink, while

she was tir-ed of him, And she was tir-ed of him, And she was tired of
I pre- pare to run, While I pre- pare to run, While I pre- pare to

him. Said he, "then I will drown my-self, The riv-er runs be-low;" Said
run." All down the hill his lov-ing wife Now ran with all her force, To

she, "pray do, you sil-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says he, "up-on the
push him in, he stepp'd a-side, And she fell in, of course. Now splash-ing, dash-ing,

brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might!" Said
like a fish, "Oh, save me John - ny Sands!" "I can't my dear, tho' much I wish, For

she, "my love, I will," Says she, "my love, I will," Says she, "my love I will!"
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands!"

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

Old Irish Air
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Much has been written about this familiar air which has been introduced into Operas by the greatest of Prima Donnas and sung by the simple fireside. Nothing can excel the beauty and simplicity of this tender song of Erin of long ago, which was revived early in the last Century by the Irish poet, Tom Moore.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing

TENOR
AND
BASS.

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with - ered, And

rose - bud is nigh, . . . To re - flect back her blush - es Or give sigh for sigh,
leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, . . . Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Words by
ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Not too slow.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow
cours - es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der as morn ris - es high, My
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As

gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re -
flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green
gath - ring sweet flow'r - ets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a -

Slower. *In time.*

sounds from the glen, Ye wild whist - ling blackbirds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed
val - leys be - low, Where wild in the woodlands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair,
eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

O SOLE MIO

(Neapolitan Serenade)


English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

EDUARDO DI CAPUA
Arranged by ELLIOT SCHENCK

Di Capua, the Neapolitan writer of popular songs, never wrote a more characteristic melody than this, which is associated in the minds of every Italian with the Bay of Naples and the Island of Capri at its entrance. The music has in it the warmth, and sunshine, the languor and poetry of the sons and daughters of Italy.

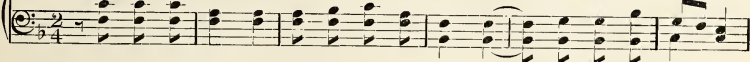

Not too slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

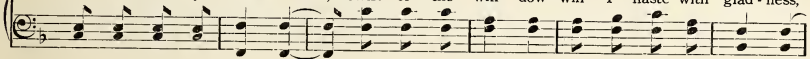



1. What could be love-lier than a day of sun-shine, When fresh'ning breeze
2. I watch thy case-ment like a jew-el gleam-ing, I see it o-pen
3. When day is dy-ing and the sun is set-ting, Then o'er me steal-eth

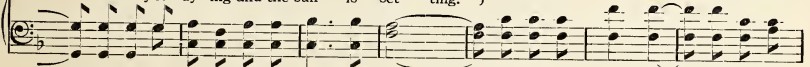
TENOR
AND
BASS

tell the storm is end-ed? The sea is spar-king, 'tis a fes-ta splen-did,
to the maid-ens sing-ing, They bid thee has-ten, fes-tal bells are ring-ing,
mel-an-cho-ly sad-ness, Swift to the win-dow will I haste with glad-ness,

What could be lovelier than a day of sun-shine?
I watch thy casement like a jew-el gleam-ing. } But love-lier far love, than sun-shine
When day is dy-ing and the sun is set-ting.




bright, Is thy sweet pres-ence be-side me still. Then sun-




shine, ra-diant sun-shine my heart doth fill, my heart doth fill.



OLD BLACK JOE

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear, that I

TENOR
AND
BASS.

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from this earth to a bet - ter land I know, }
friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? } I
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, }

Slower. CHORUS. *Very slow.*

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

Slowly.

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Old Irish Melody

To an old Irish melody "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground," Tom Moore again, as he had done so often, fitted new words of great poetical beauty which touch a responsive chord in the breasts of all, both young and old.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - profaned by a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

day, Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it
dear. No! the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

Slower.

will, And a-round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart Would entwine it - self ver-dant-ly still.
close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

A Sicilian Air
Arranged by N. T.

The American poet J. H. Payne fitted to a Sicilian melody, when he was U. S. Consul at Tunis, the words of this touching song which is one of the few that is universally acknowledged to be a gem of simple beauty, unexcelled in literature. Though written over seventy years ago no modern music can dim its luster. The cottage still stands, at Easthampton, L. I., New York.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
came at my call, Give me them, and that peace that is dear - er than all.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home!

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

EDWARD OXENFORD

LUIGI DENZA

This song was written at the time the Funicular or cable railway, was put up the side of the volcano Mt. Vesuvius, from the village at its foot on the shore of the Bay of Naples. No traveler in Italy for over half a century has escaped this merry tune, which is sung or played upon mandolins and guitars everywhere, by day and by night.

Swingingly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Some think the world is made for fun and pleas - ure, And so do
2. Some think it wrong to set the feet a - danc - ing, But not so
3. Ah, me! 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, And like it

TENOR
AND
BASS.

I! And so do I! Some think the world is sad be - yond all meas - ure,
I! But not so I! Some think that eyes should keep from coyly glanc - ing,
well! And like it well! For me, I have not thought it worth the try - ing,

And pine and sigh; And pine and sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
Up - on the sly! Up - on the sly! But oh! to me the ma - zy dance is
So can - not tell! So can - not tell! With laugh and dance and song the day soon

sing - ing A joy - ous song; A joy - ous song; To set the air with
charm - ing, Di - vine - ly sweet! Di - vine - ly sweet! And sure - ly there is
pass - es, Full soon is gone: Full soon is gone: For mirth was made for

mu - sic gay - ly ring - ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
naught that is a - larm - ing, In nim - ble feet, In nim - ble feet,
joy - ous lads and lass - es To call their own! To call their own!

CHORUS.

Come then, Come then, we'll be gay, a - ha! Come then, Come then,

We'll be gay, a - ha! Fu - ni - cu - li, Fu - ni - cu - la, Fu - ni - cu - li, Fu - ni - cu -

la, We'll be gay, a - ha! Fu - ni - cu - li, Fu - ni - cu - la. la!

AULD LANG SYNE

Scotch Air

Arranged by N. T.

ROBERT BURNS

This typically Scotch tune has been sung for centuries throughout the English speaking world where, at the conclusion of merry parties, the guests are wont to grasp hands, and with rhythmic swing troll its homely message of good fellowship. The words by Robert Burns, written nearly a century and a half ago, are young in comparison to the melody.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've
3. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll

TENOR
AND
BASS.

auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? }
wan - der'd mony a wear - y foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, Sin' auld lang syne. }

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

ALOHA-OE

(Hawaiian Song.)

English version by
DAVID BISPHAMQUEEN LILIUOKALANI
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This song written by the late Queen of the Sandwich Islands, though a combination of a Hawaiian tune grafted upon a missionary hymn, has had an enormous popularity and touches a note that is irresistible. The original Hawaiian words are almost impossible to render into English, but the song is a lover's farewell. The word Aloha, meaning both a friendly greeting and farewell bears an undoubtedly close relationship to our familiar "hello."

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Since I saw her wan - der down the hill . . . Thro'
2. Oh, we wan - dered fond - ly hand in hand, . . . Thro'
3. But a - las! the time has come to part, . . . How

cloud and sun - shine to the plain, Since I met her first be - side the
ver - dant field and sha - dy lane, Yet the ma - gic of the lov - er's
can I mirth or pleas - ure feign? Oh, be still, be still, my ach - ing

rill All my soul is filled with joy and pain. } A - lo - ha - oe, I
land, Fades a - way nor ev - er will re - main. }
heart, For thy rap - ture all has been in vain! }

love but thee, Thou mai - den fair, I gar - land thee with flow - ers. A -

lo - ha - oe, one fond em - brace, Un - til we meet a - gain.

SUWANEE RIVER

221

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This most popular song of Foster's is also widely known as "Old Folks at Home" and breathes the very spirit of a lonely Negro in the North, far away from his beloved Southland.

Moderately expressive.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Way down up - on de Su - wanee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All 'round de comb? When will I hear de

CHORUS.

old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die, } All de world am sad and drea - ry,
ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home? }

Eb - 'ry-whar I roam, Oh! dar - kies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

PART IV

PATRIOTIC SONGS

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Words by
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH
Harmonized by WALTER DAMROSCH

John Stafford Smith (1750-1836) an English musician composed this tune which in his day was sung as a drinking song. In the war of 1812, the words which have since been accepted as those of the American National Anthem were written by Francis Scott Key during the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

This version has been prepared at the request of the U. S. Bureau of Education by the following committee: Will Earhart (Chairman), Walter Damrosch, Arnold J. Gantvoort, O. G. Sonneck, and John Philip Sousa.

All Voices in Unison.

1. O, say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. O, thus be it ev - er, when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved

PIANO.

hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued

SOP. AND ALTO.

fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red
land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to—"In God is our

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

there. O say, does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet
Trust." And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

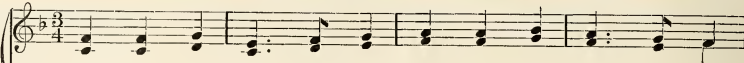
AMERICA

S. F. SMITH

Attributed to
HENRY CAREY


This fine tune is used as the National Anthem of a number of countries, but in America is universally thought of as belonging to Great Britain whence, indeed, we received it and for which reason the words used by all British subjects are appended below.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.




1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,


TENOR
AND
BASS.




Of thee I sing! Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



GOD SAVE THE KING

(The original words used throughout the British Empire)

1 God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the king.

2 O Lord, our God, arise
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all,

THE MARSEILLAISE

(French National Hymn)

Translated from the French of
ROUGET DE L'ISLEROUGET DE L'ISLE
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry, The sun of
2. And would that horde of slav - ish min - ions Con - spire our

TENOR
AND
BASS.

vic - t'ry soon will rise; Though the ty - rant's stand - ard all
free - dom to o'er - throw, Say for whom those gyves were in -

gor - ry Is up - reared in pride to the skies, Is up -
tend - ed, Which their craft pre - pared long a - go, Which their

reared in pride to the skies: Do ye not hear in ev - 'ry
craft pre - pared long a - go. What right - ous rage now should ex -

vil - lage, Fierce sol - diers who spread war's a - larms? Who
cite us, For French - men what shame is so great? They

ev - en in our shel - t'ring arms, Slay our sons and give our homes to
ev - en dare to med - i - tate To en - slave, but thus they will u -

pil - lage? To arms, . . . ye brave, to arms! We'll
nite us. To arms, . . . ye brave, to arms! We'll

form . . . bat - tal - ions strong . . . March on, march on!

their blood im - pure Shall bathe . . . our thresh - olds soon! . . .

BRABANÇONNE

(National Hymn of Belgium)

FRANCOIS CAMPENHOUT
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Quick march time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. The years of sla - ve - ry are past, . . . The Bel - gian re - joic - es once
2. We give our coun - try our de - vo - tion, We help her with heart and with

TENOR
AND
BASS.

more, . . . Cour - age re - stores to him, at last, . . . The
hand, . . . Swayed by a no - ble e - mo - tion, We a -

rights be held of yore! Strong 'and firm . . . his clasp 'will be, . . .
dore our na - tive land. She shall live . . . in peace for - ev - er,

Keep - ing the an - cient flag un - furled; To fling its mes - sage on . . . the
Hence - forth her chil - dren shall be free; So fling the mes - sage on . . . the

watch - ful world, - For King, for Right, and Lib - er - ty! To fling its
watch - ful world, - For King, for Right, and Lib - er - ty! So fling the

mes - sage on . . . the watch - ful world— For King, for Right, and Lib - er - ty! For
 King, for Right, and Lib - er - ty! For King, for Right and Lib - er - ty! . .

GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN

(Italian National Song)

English Version by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLEMelody attributed to OLIVIERI
Arranged by E. J. BIEDERMANN*In march time.*

SOP.
AND
ALTO.
TENOR
AND
BASS.

To arms, all! To arms all! 1. The graves loose their cap - tives, a -
 2. The land famed for flow - ers, for

rise our de - part - ed, Our mar - tyrs come forth, all our he - roes great heart - ed, With
 po - ets, for sing - ing, Once more be a land where the sword blows are ring - ing. Our

sa - bre in hand and their brows crowned with lau - rel, The fame and the name of I -
 hands may be bound with a hun - dred harsh fet - ters, But still they can ban - ish Leg -

NOTE:—Words from National Songs of the Allies.
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ta - lia their star. Make haste, oh, make haste, for - ward, gal - lant bat - tal - ions, Fling
na - no's bright swords. The Aus - tri - an staff no I - ta - lian be - la - bors The

out to the winds flags for all, ye I - ta - lians; Rise all with your
race born of Rome do not jest with their sa - bres, No lon - ger will

weap - ons, rise all fire - im - pas - sioned, Rise all fire - im - pas - sioned, I.
I - ta - ly put up with her ty - rants Too ma - ny long years have we

ta - lians ye are. De - part from our home - land, de - part, oh, ye
har - bored their hordes. De - part from our home - land, de - part, oh, ye

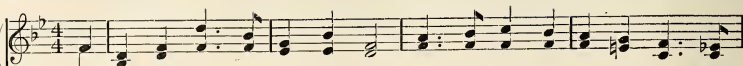
stran - gers; This hour gives the sig - nal, be - take you a - far! . . .

THE MAPLE LEAF

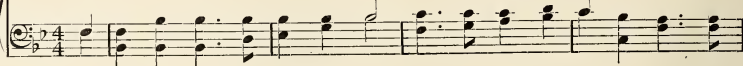
(Canadian National Song)

ALEXANDER MUIR

ALEXANDER MUIR

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he-ro came, And
 2. At Queen-ston Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For
 3. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land, May kind heav-en sweet-ly smile; God

TENOR
AND
BASS.

plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Can-a-da's fair do-main! Here may it wave, our
 free-dom, homes and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which
 bless old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's em-erald isle. Then swell the song both

boast, our pride, And joined in love 'to-geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The
 they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er! Our watch-word ev-er-more shall be, The
 loud and long, Till rocks and for-est quiv-er. God save the king and heav-en bless The

CHORUS.

Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-

ev-er! God save the king and heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

YANKEE DOODLE

Dr. SHAMBURG

Composer Unknown
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

No one knows the origin of this song. It came into America during Colonial times and was used by both armies during the Revolutionary War with different words. The tune is such a good one that whatever text is used the melody is always popular.

Quickly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. O Yan - kee Doo - dle came to town, A - rid - in' on a po - ny, He
2. O fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - in', And
3. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
4. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up' - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

stuck a feath - er in his hat And called him mac - a - ro - ni.
there we see the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men: I guess there was a mil - lion.

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

5 And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my *Jemima*.

6 And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

7 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

8 And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

POLAND STILL LIVES

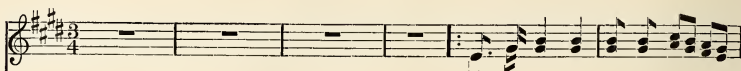
(A Polish National Song)

From the Polish of PAUL SOBOIESKI by
MARGARET SCULL

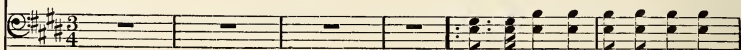
Arranged by JOSEF HOFMANN

This adaptation of the well known Polish Patriotic Song, *Teszcze Polska*, has been made by the distinguished Polish pianist Josef Hofmann now an American residing in this country, and to whom the thanks of the Editor are gratefully rendered.


SOP.
AND
ALTO.



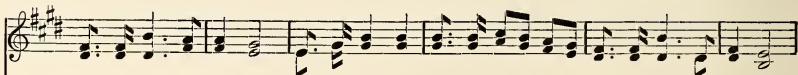
TENOR
AND
BASS.



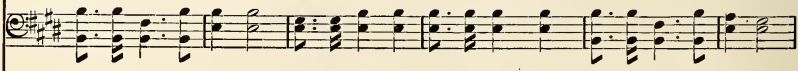

PIANO.



1. While we live she is still liv - ing,
2. Shall the foe en-chain thee, Po - land,
3. On then, to the field of bat-tle



Po - land is not sha - ken, We re - gain by brav - est striv - ing What the foe has ta - ken.
in her bonds for - ev - er? Shall we fear to die to save thee? Nev - er, Po - land, nev - er!
where our blood is flow - ing; Poland's ea - gle swift and might - y Vic - t'ry's way is show - ing!

On, then, Dom-brow-ski! From I - ta - lia's plain; We will meet our friends and broth-ers on

ten.

Pol-ish soil a - gain, We'll meet and greet our friends and brothers in our own dear Po-land!

After last verse only.

- Yes, we'll greet our friends and broth-ers in our own dear Po - land!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

WILLIAM STEFFE
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

These inspired verses were written by Julia Ward Howe in 1861—during the early part of the Civil War. The doggerel lines known as "John Brown's Body" have fortunately been forgotten by the present generation and the attention of the public is uplifted by the majesty of a great poem.

March time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred circ - ling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel," Since God is march - ing on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

The musical score is arranged in five systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment line (Tenor and Bass). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes five numbered verses of lyrics, a chorus, and a final line. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords, characteristic of a march.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

235

GEORGE F. ROOT

GEORGE F. ROOT
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

The words and music of this fine marching tune are by a patriotic American who wrote them under the influence of emotions excited by the Civil War; feelings which have animated the breasts of all our fellow countrymen from that day to this, when the sentiments expressed take on a newer and deeper meaning.


In moderate march time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

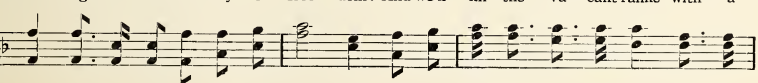
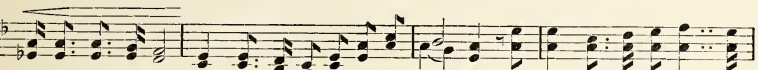


1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,


TENOR
AND
BASS.


Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a

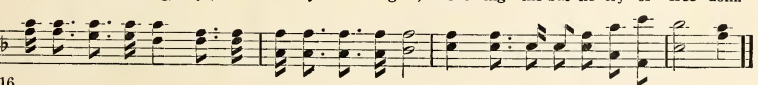
ral - ly from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur -
mil - lion free - man more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur -




rah, boys, hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor and up with the stars! While we

ral - ly round the flag, boys, We'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom.



HAIL, COLUMBIA!

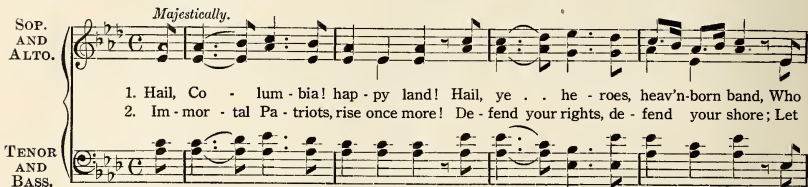
Words by
PHILIP PHILE

JOSEPH HOPKINSON
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This popular and spirited tune and its words are entirely American and emanated from two patriotic Philadelphians, about the last decade of the Eighteenth Century


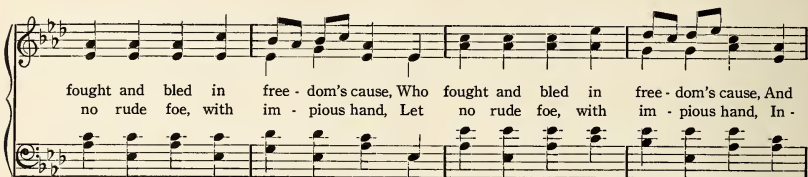
Majestically.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

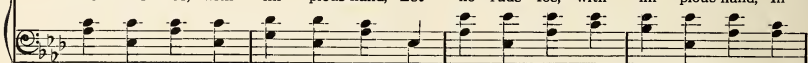
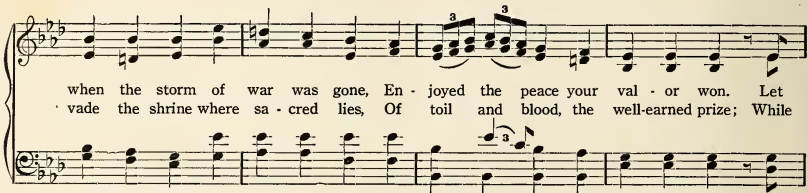


1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail, ye . . he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let

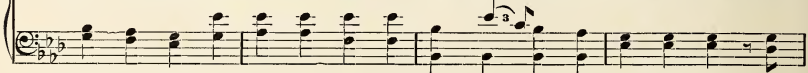
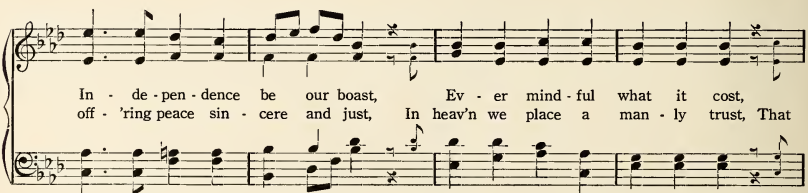
TENOR
AND
BASS.


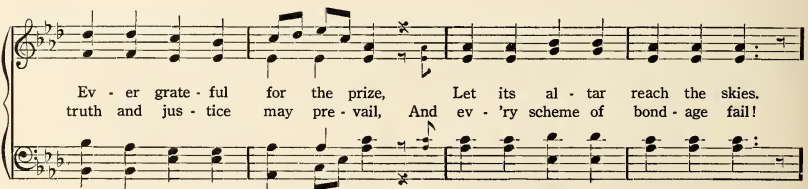
fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In -

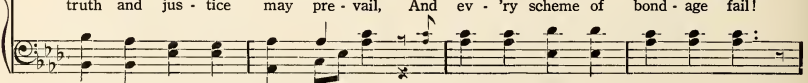
when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While

In - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - ring peace sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!



CHORUS.
Loud.

Firm u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth - ers joined Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

Words attributed to
THOMAS a' BECKET of Philadelphia

DAVID T. SHAW
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Though the origin of this popular patriotic song may be English, as some say, yet it is scarcely ever heard in that country. In America the authorship is claimed by two men, though in all probability it was written about the middle of the last century by Thomas a' Becket, who may well have retained some recollection of the British tune handed down by his ancestors.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war winged its wild de - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
3. "Old Glo - ry" to greet now come hith - er, With eyes full of love to the brim; May the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy
ark, then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her
wreaths of our he - roes ne'er with - er, Nor a star of our ban - ner grow dim; May the

man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
serv - ice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er; But they to our col - ors prove true! The

ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

White, and Blue,

Blue! Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 Blue! With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
 Blue! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

White, and Blue,

DIXIE

DAN D. EMMETT

This rollicking song, written and composed for a negro minstrel show by Daniel Decatur Emmett, was instantaneously successful and was used as a Confederate war song.

Very quickly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry Will de wea - ber, Will - iam was a
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ber, But dat did not
 4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus, And all de girls dat
 5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat or a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

not for - got - ten, Look - a - way, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. In
 gay de - ceab - er; Look - a - way, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 seem to greab - er Look - a - way, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old
 want to kiss us; Look - a - way, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 lit - tle fat - ter; Look - a - way, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den

Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn-in', Look - a -
 when he put his arm - a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pounder, Look - a -
 Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look - a -
 if you want to drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear dis song to - morrow, Look - a -
 hoe it down and scratch your grabble To Dix - ie's Land I'm bound to trabble, Look - a -

way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo -

ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A -

way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

WE ARE TENTING TO-NIGHT

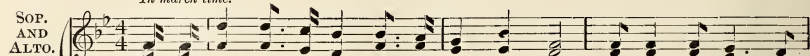
WALTER KITTREDGE

WALTER KITTREDGE.
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

One of the songs that has come down to us from Civil War times, this piece is the work of a young singer who wrote, composed and sang it, as his patriotic contribution after having failed to pass the physical examination for entrance into the Union Army.


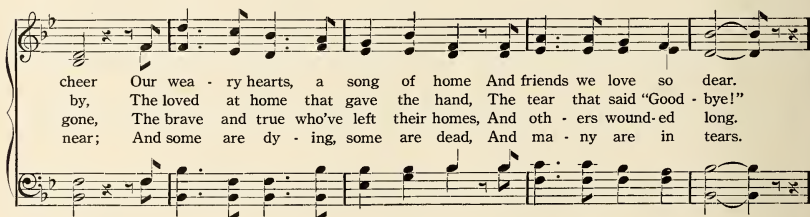
In march time.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



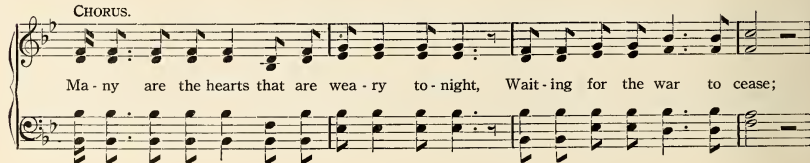
1. We are tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Think - ing of days gone
3. We are tir - ed of war on the old Camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing

TENOR
AND
BASS.

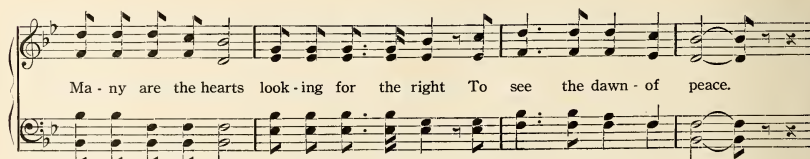



cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
by, The loved at home that gave the hand, The tear that said "Good - bye!"
gone, The brave and true who've left their homes, And oth - ers wound - ed long.
near; And some are dy - ing, some are dead, And ma - ny are in tears.

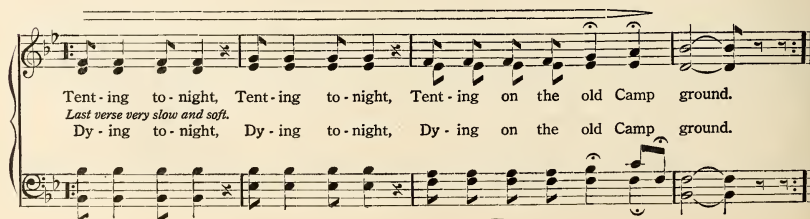
CHORUS.



Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wait - ing for the war to cease;



Ma - ny are the hearts look - ing for the right To see the dawn - of peace.



Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old Camp ground.
Last verse very slow and soft.
Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old Camp ground.

SPEED OUR REPUBLIC

MATTHIAS KELLER

MATTHIAS KELLER

Both words and music of this splendid patriotic hymn were written during the Civil War by Matthias Keller, of Boston.

Majestically.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Speed our re - pub - lic, O, Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of
 2. Fore - most in bat - tle for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
 3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe - Will - ing to die in hu -
 4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy strong wings o'er this

TENOR
AND
BASS.

jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
 roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,
 man - i - ty's cause - Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r,
 fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old -

Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
 Thun - ders our war cry: "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
 While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our
 Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our

CHORUS.

coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with
 coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our
 coun - try and flag! Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con -
 coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old, Show that it

vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
 war cry, "We con - quer, or fall!" Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
 tend for our Un - ion and laws! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
 still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

PART V

ROUNDS, CATCHES AND A CANON

A Round is a species of Canon, and is so called because the performers begin the melody at regular rhythmical periods, and return from its conclusion to its commencement, so that it continually passes round and round from one to another of them. Rounds and Catches are the most characteristic forms of English music. The following have been arranged in the order of their progressive difficulty.

A BOAT! A BOAT!

1 2

A boat! a boat! Haste to the fer - ry,

2 3

And we'll go o - ver to be mer - ry,

3 1

To laugh and sing with Tom and Jer - ry.

WAKE FROM SLUMBER

1 2

Wake from slum - ber, Wake from slum - ber, Broth - er John, Broth - er John,

3 4

Hark! the bells are ring - ing, Hark! the bells are ring - ing, Ding, ding, dong; ding, ding, dong!

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

1 2

Scot - land's burn - ing! Scot - land's burn - ing! Look out! look out!

3 4

Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa - ter! pour on wa - ter!

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

1 2

Row, row, row your boat, Gen - tly down the stream;

3 4

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

MERRILY, MERRILY

1 Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn; 2 Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, sound the horn;

3 Hark to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale and far a - way. 4

THE BELL DOTH TOLL

1 The bell doth toll, its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full

2 well, I love its ring - ing for it calls to sing - ing, With its

3 bim, bim, bim, bim bell, Bome, bome, bim, bim, bome bome bell.

THREE BLIND MICE

1 Three blind mice, three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run!

2 see how they run! see how they run! They all ran aft - er the farmer's wife; She

3 cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife, Did you ev - er see such a sight in your life as

BUY MY DAIN TY BEANS

1 Buy my dain - ty fine beans, buy my beans, buy my dain - ty fine

2 beans, buy my beans Crab, crab, buy my crab crab, crab, buy my

3 crab. Hot, hot mut - ton pies, Hot, hot mut - ton pies.

THE WISE MEN

1 2
The Wise Men were but seven, . . . Ne'er more shall be for me,

2 3
The Mus - es were but nine, . . . The Worth - ies three times three,

3 1
And three mer - ry boys, and three mer - ry boys, and three mer - ry boys are we.

COME, FOLLOW ME

HILTON

1 2
Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me!

2 3
Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?

3 1
To the green - wood, To the green - wood, To the green - wood, green - wood tree.

BUBBLING AND SPLASHING

1 2
Bub - bling and splash - ing, and foam - ing and dash - ing, With
noise and with bus - tle the boat rush - es by; But si - lent and

2 3
slow does the deep riv - er flow On its smooth, glass - y bo - som re -

3 1
flect - ing the sky. Thus shal - low pre - tence bub - bles on with - out

4 1
sense, While true knowl - edge and wis - dom sit si - lent - ly by.

ALL WHO SING

(Round on the Diatonic Scale.)

T. GOODBAN

Moderately.

1 All who sing and wish to please, Must sing in tune, the words ex - press;

2 Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do

3 Na - ture's bless - ings all should seize, Which to ills give sweet re - dress;

2 Keep the time, take breath with ease, The sounds sus - tain, the voice sup - press.

3 Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

1 Har - mo - ny bids an - ger cease, And soothes the mind that feels dis - tress.

SIR, PRAY BE SO GOOD

(Hunting the Hare.)

Quickly.

1 Sir, pray be so good, have you seen a boy Run - ning like a hare

2 towards the wood? There he goes hark! hark! a - way he bursts a - cross the

o - pen heath; We'll run him down be - fore he hides be - neath the woods.

3 Oh, I'm spent, I've lost my breath, I'll lie down here and watch them pass; They

lit - tle think a boy can hide in a tuft of grass.

WHO'LL BUY MY ROSES?

(Three Foreign Melodies.)

Holland. 1

Who'll buy my ros - es, my sweet, pret - ty ros - es, love?

Hungary. 2

Pret - ty blue vio - lets, blue vio - lets, blue vio - lets,

Tyrol. 3

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Who'll buy my ros - es, who'll buy them, who'll buy?

Pret - ty blue vio - lets, who'll buy them, who'll buy?

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Fresh from the coun - try are all these sweet ros - es, come,

All are fresh gath - er'd and beau - teous be - side, come,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Who'll buy my ros - es, who'll buy them, who'll buy?

buy my blue vio - lets, who'll buy them, who'll buy?

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

WITH A DOWN, HEY, DERRY DOWN

Quickly.

1 With a down, down, hey, der - ry down, with a

2 With a down, der - ry down,

3 With a down, der - ry down, with a

4 With a down, der - ry down,

down, hey, der - ry down, der - ry, With a down, down,

With a der - ry down, der - ry down, der - ry, With a down,

down, a der - ry down, der - ry down, der - ry, down,

With a der - ry down, der - ry, down, down, With a

hey, der - ry down, With a down, with a der - ry down, der - ry. 2

hey, der - ry down, With a down, with a hey, der - ry down, der - ry down. 3

hey, der - ry down, With a down, with a der - ry down, der - ry. 4

hey, der - ry down, With a down, a der - ry down, der - ry. 1

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY

(Duet in Canon.)

THEO. MARZIALS

Tranquilly.

VOICE.

(FEMALE VOICES.) My

PIANO.

true love hath my heart, and I, and I have his, By just ex -

change, the one to the oth - er giv - en. My heart is his, and

mine he can - not miss; There nev - er was a bet - ter bar - gain driv -

en. My true love hath my

(MALE VOICES.) My

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top line is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The second line is a vocal line for male voices, starting with a whole rest and ending with a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line.

heart, and I, and I have his; By just ex - change the

true love hath my heart, and I, and I have hers, By just ex -

Detailed description: This system contains the next two lines of the musical score. The vocal lines continue the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the first system.

one to the oth - er giv - en. My heart is his, and mine he can - not

change the one to the oth - er giv - en. My heart is hers, and

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of the musical score on this page. The vocal lines conclude the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the first system.

miss; There nev - er was a bet - ter bar - gain driv - - - - -

mine she can - not miss; There nev - er was a bet - ter bar - gain driv - -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "miss; There nev - er was a bet - ter bar - gain driv - - - - -". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line.

en. His heart in

en

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by "en. His heart in". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures and a steady bass line.

me keeps him and me in one.

My heart in her her tho'ts and sen - ses

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by "me keeps him and me in one.". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures and a steady bass line.

He loves my heart, for once it was his own. I cher-ish
 guides. She loves my heart, for once it was her own.

his because in me, in me it bids. My true love hath my
 I cher-ish hers because in me, in me it bids. My

heart, and I have his.
 true love hath my heart, and I have hers.

PART VI

SACRED SONGS

MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL

The original text
attributed to BACH

J. S. BACH
Arranged by KATHLEEN NARELLE

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) was the most extraordinary and original of all musicians, even Wagner having invented but a few chords which had not appeared in Bach's works more than a century before. The following piece is typical of his style of writing for the solo voice though the well known air is here transcribed for a quartet.

Do not drag.

PIANO.

SOP. AND ALTO.

My heart ev - er faith - ful, sing prais - es, be joy - ful, Sing

TENOR AND BASS.

prais - es, be joy - ful thy Je - sus is near; My

Copyright, 1920, by David Bispham.

heart . . . ev - er faith - ful, sing prais - es, be joy - ful, Sing
faith-ful, faith-ful,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "heart . . . ev - er faith - ful, sing prais - es, be joy - ful, Sing". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, with lyrics: "faith-ful, faith-ful,".

prais - es, be joy - ful thy Je - - sus is near. A -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "prais - es, be joy - ful thy Je - - sus is near. A -". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major.

way with com - plain - ing, a - way with com - plain - ing, Faith

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "way with com - plain - ing, a - way with com - plain - ing, Faith". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major.

ev - er main - tain - ing, my Je - sus is here, A -
is here,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line in bass clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines.

way with com - plain - ing, Faith ev - er main - tain - ing, my

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line in bass clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the first system.

Je - - sus is here, my . . . Je - - sus is here, My

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line in bass clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The music concludes in the same key and time signature.

heart . . ev - er faith - ful, sing prais - es be joy - ful, Sing

prais - es be joy - ful thy Je - sus is here, My heart ev - er faith - ful, sing
faithful,

prais - es, be joy - ful, Sing prais - es be joy - ful thy Je - sus is here.
joy-ful,

UNFOLD, YE PORTALS

(From the Oratorio "The Redemption")

Words adapted from the
24th Psalm of David

CHARLES GOUND
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This fine example of the work of the composer of "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" is taken from one of the oratorios which in the latter part of his life he enjoyed writing, and which added to his fame.

Very moderately.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Un - fold, . . un - fold, . . un - fold, ye por - tals ev - er -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

last - ing; Un - fold, . . un - fold, . . un - fold, ye por - tals ev - er -

last - ing, With wel - come to re - ceive him as - cend - ing on

high! Be - hold . . . the King of Glo - ry, he mounts up through the

sky, Back to the heav'n - ly man - sions hast - ning. Un - fold, . . . Un -

To CODA.

fold, un - fold, . . . for lo, the King comes night! . . . But who is

(Piano.)

he, . . . the King . . . of Glo ry? He who Death o - ver - came, the

Lord in bat - tle might - y But who is he . . . the King of Glo - ry? Of

hosts he is the Lord, Of an - gels and of pow'rs, the King of

Repeat from the sign ⊕ CODA.

Glo - ry is the King of the saints, of the saints; Un - fold, un - night!

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNEY

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan - ing

TENOR
AND
BASS.

of the bar, When I put out to sea. But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too

full for sound and foam, When that which drew out from the boundless deep, Turns a - gain home.

Slower.

Twi -

Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark, And may there be no sad - ness

light and eve - ning bell,

of farewell When I em - bark; For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place The flood may

Faster.

bear me far, . . . I hope to see my Pi - lot, face to face, When I have crossed the bar

In time.

THE PALMS

259

English Version by
D. B.

JEAN B. FAURE
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Jean B. Faure was one of the most celebrated of French operatic baritones and the composer of many popular songs of which "The Palms" is sung all over the civilized world. Faure retained his splendid voice in great purity to a very advanced age, and was a model among vocalists.

Slowly, majestically.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Palm branch-es strew up - on the Sav - iour's way With flow'rs of spring in to - ken
2. As in Je - ru - sa - lem so long a - go, Here let us gath - er and the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

of . . our joy; Hail, thou bright Spir - it on this fes - tal day,
tale . . re - peat, While from our joy - ous lips the songs o'er - flow,

Slower.

Whose vow hath giv'n us hope with - out al - loy. Shout all and sing,— our an - thems raise;
Lay - ing our hom - age at the Sav - iour's feet. Shout all and sing,— our an - thems raise;

Lift high our voic - es . . in ju - bi - la - tion, Ho - san - na.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to him who hath brought us sal - va - tion!

Very slowly.

O REST IN THE LORD

Words adapted from the
37th Psalm

(From the Oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Mendelssohn, other examples of whose work have already appeared in this volume, is best known to the present generation by his Violin Concerto, the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Oratorio "Elijah,"—from which this piece is taken, the original being an Alto Solo.

Quietly and restfully.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for him, and he shall
for him,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

give thee thy heart's de-sires;— O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for
the Lord, wait for
give thee

and he shall
him, and he shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, . . . and he shall
for him,

give thee

give thee

give thee thy heart's de-sires. Com-mit thy ways un-to him and trust in
Com-mit

him, Com-mit thy ways un-to him and trust in him in him and fret not thy-
Com-mit and trust in him

self . . be-cause of e - vil - do - ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for the Lord,

him, wait pa - tient - ly for him, O rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for him, for him, for him, for him, the Lord,

him and he shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and he shall

give thee thy heart's de - sires, and he shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, O rest . . . in the O rest in the

Lord, O rest in the Lord and wait, rest, O rest, . . . O rest Lord and wait, and wait, wait pa - tient - ly for him. Lord, O rest in the Lord and wait,

PRAISE YE THE FATHER

Translated from the French of
CHARLES GOUNODCHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Quickly and majestically.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Praise ye the Fa - ther! Let all the earth sing prais - es!

Praise ye the Fa - ther, O praise the Lord with joy - ful hearts! He is our

ref - uge, A pres - ent help in trou - ble; Praise ye his kind - ness, the

hon - or of his ma - jes - ty! God is our shield, all our trust is in the

Our trust, our trust, is in the

Lord; He is our strength and our hope, They who trust in him are

Lord, the Lord, He is our strength His name is

Repeat at discretion.

bless - ed! Sing . . . un - to God, . . . the heav'ns de - clare his

O sing, O sing,

glo - ry! Let the na - tions be glad and sing for joy! Let all the peo - ple praise him!

Praise him, ye heav - en's, ye an - gels, sing his prais - es! Praise him, O ye

stars of light! Praise ye him, O ye heav'ns a - bove; praise ye him! Praise him for his

might - y acts. Sing, ex - alt his name a - bove the skies! God a - lone is our sal -

va - tion and our strength, O praise ye his name! praise ye his name!

1

2 Slower.

ON THEE EACH LIVING SOUL AWAITS

(From the Oratorio "The Creation.")

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN
Adapted by ELLIOTT SCHENCKText adapted from
the Holy Scriptures

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

On thee each liv - ing

soul a - waits; From thee, O Lord, all seek their food. Thou

o - pen - est thy hand, Thou o - pen - est thy hand, And fill - est, and

fill - est all with good. On thee, on

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a major key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "fill - est all with good. On thee, on".

thee each liv - ing soul a-waits, From thee, O Lord, all seek their food; Thou o - pen - est thy

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "thee each liv - ing soul a-waits, From thee, O Lord, all seek their food; Thou o - pen - est thy".

hand, And fill - est, and fill - est all with

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hand, And fill - est, and fill - est all with".

good. But when thy face, O Lord! is hid,

Melody.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "good. But when thy face, O Lord! is hid,". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, with the word "Melody." written below it. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of chords and melodic lines.

The piano accompaniment for the first system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand plays a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

with sud - den ter - ror they are struck; Thou tak'st their

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "with sud - den ter - ror they are struck; Thou tak'st their". The vocal line has a more dramatic feel, with some notes marked with 'x' in the original score. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

The piano accompaniment for the second system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand features more complex chordal textures and melodic lines, while the left hand maintains a consistent rhythmic and harmonic support.

breath a - way, They van - ish in - to dust; Thou tak'st their breath a - way,

The third system of music concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "breath a - way, They van - ish in - to dust; Thou tak'st their breath a - way,". The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic structure.

The piano accompaniment for the third system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand plays a series of chords and melodic lines, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

Melody.

They van - ish in - to dust; Thou send - est forth thy breath a - gain,

And life with vig - or fresh re -

Re - vi - ved earth un - folds new strength,
turns; Re - vi - ved earth un - folds new strength and new de - lights, and new de -

Re - vi - ved earth un - folds new

light, Re - vi - ved earth un - folds new strength and new de -

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "light, Re - vi - ved earth un - folds new strength and new de -".

strength and new de - lights,

lights, New strength and new de - lights. New strength and new de -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lights, New strength and new de - lights. New strength and new de -".

And life with vig - or fresh re - turns; Re -

lights, And life with vig - or fresh re - turns, Re - vi - ved earth un -

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lights, And life with vig - or fresh re - turns, Re - vi - ved earth un -".

vi - ved earth un - folds new strength,

Re -

folds new strength, and new de - lights, and new de - lights, Re - vi - ved earth un -

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The lyrics are: "vi - ved earth un - folds new strength, and new de - lights, and new de - lights, Re - vi - ved earth un -".

vi - ved earth un - folds new strength and new de - lights,

folds new strength and new de - lights, new strength and new de -

This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a more active right-hand part with sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "folds new strength and new de - lights, new strength and new de -".

lights, new strength and new de - lights.

This system contains the third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: "lights, new strength and new de - lights."

TELL ME, OH, YE STARS

(From the Opera "Zampa.")

Words adapted from CHARLES SWAIN

By UNA FAIRWEATHER

— LOUIS J. F. HEROLD.

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Louis J. F. Herold (1791—1833). This graceful composition by one of the shining lights of French musicians of a century ago, is taken from his operatic masterpiece "Zampa." In other collections this chorus is known as the Hymn of the Fisherman's Children.

Slowly.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Tell me, oh, ye stars of night, In the a - ges have ye seen
2. Tell me, oh, ye flow'rs that meet By the val - ley or the stream,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Aught more in - no - cent and fair Than an in - fant's earl - iest pray'r?
Have ye per - fume half so rare, As an in - fant's qui - et pray'r?

Hear, oh, Je - sus ten - der who bade. . . us come to thee, Hear our sim - ple
Hear, oh, Je - sus ten - der who bade. . . us come to thee, Hear our sim - ple

pray - ing that like. . . thee we may be. Hear, oh, Je - sus ten - der, who
pray - ing that like. . . thee we may be. Hear, oh, Je - sus ten - der, who

bade us come to thee, Hear our sim - ple pray - ing that like thee we may
bade us come to thee, Hear our sim - ple pray - ing that like thee we may

be... Tell me, oh, ye stars of night, In the a - ges have ye seen
 be... Tell me, oh, ye flow'rs that meet By the val - ley or the stream,

Aught more in - no - cent and fair Than an in - fant's earl - iest pray'r?
 Have ye per - fume half so rare As an in - fant's qui - et pray'r?

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN

(From the Oratorio "St. Paul.")

Words adapted from The Psalms
 and the Epistles of Paul

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
 Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Slowly and quietly.

SOP.
 AND
 ALTO.

TENOR
 AND
 BASS.

But the Lord is mind - ful of his own, He re - mem - bers his chil -

Slower.

dren; But the Lord is mind - ful of his own, is mind - ful, the

re - mem - bers his

Lord re - mem - bers his chil - dren, re - mem - bers his

Getting louder.

chil - dren. Bow down be - fore him, ye migh - ty, For the Lord is

near us, is near us. Bow down be - fore him, ye migh - ty, For the Lord is

Slower. *In time.*
near us. Yea, the Lord is mind - ful of his own, He re -

Bow down be - fore him, Bow down ye
mem - bers his chil - dren. Bow down be - fore him, Bow down ye

migh - ty, For the Lord is near us.
migh - ty, For the Lord, the Lord, is near, is near us, near us.
Lord is near us, near us.

O, HOLY NIGHT

English Version by
D. B.

ADOLPHE ADAM
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Adolphe Adam (1803-1856) was another of the school of French composers whose graceful numbers are favorites among all singers. His best and most successful work was called "The Postillion of Longjumeau," an opera comique which should be revived for the delight of the present generation.

Quietly. (Melody in Soprano.)

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

(Humming Throughout.)

1. O, ho - ly night! a star was bright-ly
2. Led by the law of love to one an -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

(Humming.)

shin - - ing A - bove the place of the dear Sav - iour's birth;
oth - - er, We bow the knee and re - vere Je - sus' name;

Long had man - kind in sor - row lain re - pin - - ing, Till Christ was
Bonds are no more, save bond of friend and broth - - er; O, lift the

sent to the sin - wea - ry earth. To - ward the man - ger
song and His hon - or pro - claim! The night is past, a

heav'n - ly hosts are wing - ing, They chant a strain to cheer a world for - lorn.
bright - er dawn is break - ing; Ser - aph - ic voic - es hail the com - ing day.

Join in the psalm . . . the an - - gel choir is sing - ing; No -
 Man is re - deemed, . . . the world . . . to life is wak - ing; O,

el, . . . No - el, The Sav - - iour Christ is born; No -
 praise - the Lord, And bless . . . his name al - way; O,

is born; No -
 al - way; O,

el, No - el, . . . The Sav - iour Christ is - born!
 praise . . . the Lord . . . And bless his name al - - way!

* From here all sing words.

THE LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Arranged by DAVID BISPHAM

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) was the son of an Irish bandmaster. Little did his family think when he entered the choir of the Chapel Royal, London, that the sweet faced boy would become the most famous of English musicians. His operas, written in conjunction with Gilbert the poet, have been compared to those of Mozart, and are models which have become famous, throughout the civilized world. Sullivan's works included a large number of choral and orchestral pieces and also of songs. "The Lost Chord" bringing him only \$25.00 when he was poor, but making a fortune for the publishers and the beginning of a lasting name for himself.

Not too slowly.

PIANO.

Copyright, 1920, by David Bispham.

SOP. AND ALTO.

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my

TENOR AND BASS.

TENOR AND BASS.
Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my

fin - gers wan - dered i - dly, O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was

play - ing, Or what I was dream - ing then, . . . But I struck one chord of

play - ing, what I was dream - ing then,

mu - sic, Like the sound of a great "a - men," Like the sound of a

This system contains the first two systems of music. The top system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

great . . . "a - men."

This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a rest for several measures, indicated by a double bar line with a cross. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

SOP. *Very softly,*

It flood ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an an - gel's

ALTO. *Melody.*

Like the close of an an - gel's

This system introduces two vocal parts: Soprano and Alto. The Soprano part is marked "Very softly" and the Alto part is marked "Melody". The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal lines.

Psalm, And lay on my fe-ver'd spir - it, With touch of in - fi - nite

Psalm, And it lay on my fe-ver'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite

calm; It qui-et - ed pain and sor - row Like love o-ver-com - ing strife. It seemed, it

seemed the ech - o From our dis - cor-dant life. It linked all per-plex - ed

seemed the har - mo-nious It linked all

TENOR. Melody.

BASS.

mean - ings, In - to one per - fect peace, And tum - bled a - way in - to

mean - ings And trem - - - - -

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines (Soprano and Alto/Tenor). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "mean - ings, In - to one per - fect peace, And tum - bled a - way in - to". The vocal lines have lyrics: "mean - ings" and "And trem - - - - -".

Melody Soprano.

si - lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have sought and I seek it

bled

The second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines (Soprano and Alto/Tenor). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "si - lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have sought and I seek it". The vocal lines have lyrics: "si - lence, As if it were loth to cease." and "I have sought and I seek it". The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with chords and a melody in the right hand.

vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the

The third system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines (Soprano and Alto/Tenor). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the". The vocal lines have lyrics: "vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the". The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with chords and a melody in the right hand.

or - gan, Ard en - - tered in - to mine.

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment.

Very firmly and broadly.

It may be that Death's bright an - gel, Will speak in that chord a -

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment.

gain; It may be that on - ly in heav'n, I shall hear that grand A -

The third system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a bass line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment.

men. It may be that Death's bright an - - gel, Will speak in that chord a -

8va.

gain, It may be that on - ly in heav'n, I shall hear that

ff *fff*

8va.

grand A - men, A men. . .

grand A - men, A men. . .

grand A - men, A men. . .

NAZARETH

Translated from the French of
CHARLES GOUNOD

CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Rather slowly.

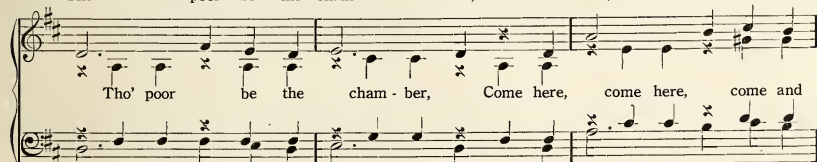
SOP.
AND
ALTO.



TENOR
AND
BASS.



Tho' poor be the cham - - ber, Come here, come and a -

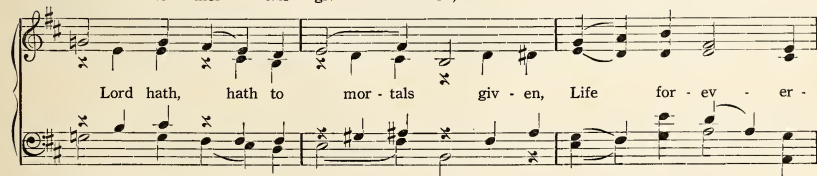


Tho' poor be the cham - - ber, Come here, come and a -



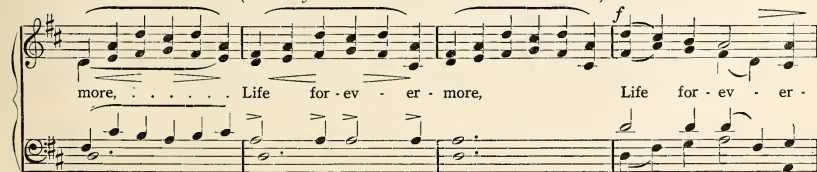
dore, Lo! the Lord of heav - - en

Hath to mor - tals giv - - en,



Hath to mor - tals giv - - en,

(Humming.)



(Humming.)

ev - er -

more, (Humming), Life for - ev - er - more.

more,

Melody in Contralto.

{ Shep - herds whose flocks were fold - ed be - side you, Tell what was
Kings from a far land, draw near and be - hold him, Led by the

Melody Soprano.

told by an - gel voic - es near: To you this night is
beam whose warn - ing bade ye come. Your crowns cast down, with

born he who will guide you Thro' paths of peace to liv - ing wa - ters
robe roy - al en - fold him; Your King de - scends to earth from bright - er

Tho' poor be the cham - - ber, Come

clear, liv - ing wa - ter. Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come here,
home, bright - er home. . . Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come here,

clear. Tho' poor be the cham - - ber, Come

home.

here, Come and a - dore. Lo! the Lord of
 come here, Come and a - dore, come and a - dore, Lo! the Lord of
 here Come and a - dore, Lo! the Lord . . of

heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en
 heav - en, Lo! the Lord hath hath to mor - tals giv - en
 heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en

Life for - ev - er - more, (Humming.)
 ev - er - more,

Life for - ev - er - more. more, Life for - ev - er -
 (Humming.)

(Humming.) slower.
 more, Life for - ev - er - more.
 (Humming.)

LIFT THINE EYES

Words adapted from the
121st Psalm

(From the Oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Fervently and gently.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Lift thine eyes, O, lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence com-eth, whence

com-eth, whence com-eth help. Thy help com-eth, com-eth from the

com-eth help. Thy help

from the Lord, the Ma-ker of heav-en and earth. He hath

Lord, . . . the Ma-ker of heav-en and earth. He hath

from the Ma-ker He hath

said thy foot . . .

said . . . thy foot shall not be mov-ed, Thy keep-er will nev-er

said thy Thy keep-er will nev-er slum-ber,

nev-er slum-ber;

slum-ber, Nev-er, will nev-er slum-ber; will nev-er, will nev-er slum-ber;

nev-er, will nev-er slum-ber slum-ber,

Lift thine eyes, O, lift thine eyes to the mount-ains Whence com-eth, whence cometh, whence com-eth help, Whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.

Slower.

Whence

Slower.

WE LIFT UP OUR VOICES

English Version by
D. B.

Folk Song of The Netherlands
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

This splendid Dutch Hymn was revived by the Musical Art Society of New York a few years ago, since which time it has been performed by choral societies all over the United States. It has a certain majesty which we are accustomed to associate with the dignity of the worthy Hollanders of old.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

* 1. We lift up our voices Th'al-might-y ad-dress-ing O, hast-en to
2. No tempt-ing can touch us, God's pres-ence be-side us, His mer-cy is
3. Then let us sing prais-es For that great pro-tec-tion, That mar-vel-ous

teach us Thy way and thy will! Each spir-it re-joic-es In thanks for thy
pow-er Which leads us in love; Which from de-spair rais-es And points the di-

bless-ing; Thy mer-cy will reach us And com-fort us still.
ride us; If God go be-fore us We'll win to his throne.
rec-tion From earth's dark-est hour To glo-ry a-bove! Glo-ry a-bove!

Last verse.

* Each verse with increasing power.

Copyright, 1920, by David Bispham.

DRY YE YOUR TEARS

(The Crucifix)

English Version by

D. B.

JEAN B. FAURE

Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Slowly and religiously.
Sustained.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Dry ye your tears, . . and come to him who with you weep - eth;

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Slower. *Sustained.*

Calm ye your fears, for he will drive all grief a - way. Trust, through the

night, to him who o'er you vig - il keep - eth; Soon comes the

light, and then will dawn a bright - er day. Trem - ble no more, he

still - eth strife; Come un - to him, . . who loves you so . . .

Trust all to him, . . . he giv - eth life, . . . Bring - ing all

Getting louder.

joy, . . . as - suag - ing woe. Then Death comes, Death comes at last, But on the

Slower. Earth's

sight breaks life e - ter - - nal. breaks life e - ter - - nal! Night is

past, we live with him in joy su - per - - nal! Earth's night is past, we live with

him in joy su - per - - nal, for life e - ter - - nal with him!

CREATION'S HYMN

English Version by
UNA FAIRWEATHER

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1827) may be called the prince of composers, and it best known by his nine wonderful symphonies; no musician has ever attained such fame, or has achieved such lasting success. The short song known as "Creation's Hymn" probably contains in its one page greater nobility and loftiness of feeling than exists in any other composition of the same length.

Majestically

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. The heav'n's pro-claim him with cease-less de-vo-tion; His ho-ly name o'er
2. Now from the for-est a pae-an is soar-ing, The might-y winds re-

all is heard! His praise is ech-oed by earth and by o-cean; Ex-alt, O,
peat the strain; The streams in beau-ty his name are a-dor-ing; Chant prais-es

Who holds the stars in the fir-ma-ment glow-ing?
The heav'n-ly host of his glo-ry was sing-ing,

man, his might-y word. Who holds the stars, the stars in the fir-ma-ment glow-ing?
now, O bound-less main. The heav'n-ly host, the host of his glo-ry was sing-ing,

Who bids the ra-diant moon to shine?
When first they saw his splendors flame.

Louder.

Who bids, who bids the ra-diant moon to shine? The sun tri-umph-ant his vic-t'ry is
When first, when first they saw his splendors flame. He comes re-splen-dent his praise ev-er

Slower.

show-ing, The dark-ness fears his light di-vine, The dark-ness fears his light di-vine.
ring-ing, Bow down ye na-tions to his name, Bow down ye na-tions to his name.

LOVELY APPEAR

(From the Oratorio "The Redemption")

Translated from the French of
CHARLES GOUNODCHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

Slowly, with movement.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

Love - ly ap - pear . . o - ver the mount - ains, The

TENOR
AND
BASS.

PIANO.

feet of them that preach and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that

preach and bring good news of peace. Love - ly ap - pear . . .

o - ver the mount - ains, The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of

and bring
peace, . . . The feet of them that preach, . . . and bring good news of
peace, of peace,

peace, . . .
peace, . . . Love - ly ap - pear . . . o - ver the
peace, of peace.

mount - ains The feet of them that preach, . . . and bring good news of

eres.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "mount - ains The feet of them that preach, . . . and bring good news of". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking "eres." is placed above the piano staff.

peace, Love - ly ap - pear . . . o - ver the

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "peace, Love - ly ap - pear . . . o - ver the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. There are some rests in the vocal line at the beginning of this system.

mount - ains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

Loud.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "mount - ains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. A dynamic marking "Loud." is placed above the piano staff.

PART VII

HYMNS

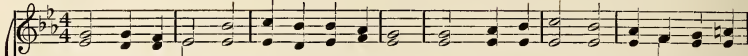
ABIDE WITH ME

(Eventide.)

HENRY F. LYTE

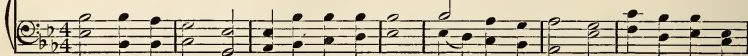
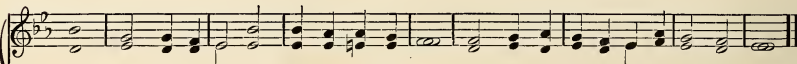
WILLIAM H. MONK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

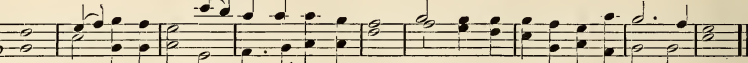


1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord,with me a -
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a -
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's

TENOR
AND
BASS.

bide. When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.
way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; Oh, thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
pow'r? Who, like thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.



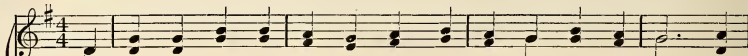
ALL HAIL THE POWER

(Coronation.)

EDWARD PERRONET

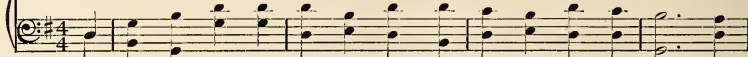
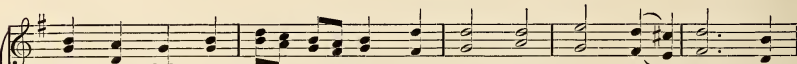
OLIVER HOLDEN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

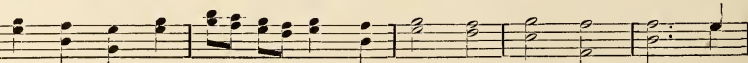


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
3. O that with yon - der, sa - cred throug We at his feet may fall, We'll

TENOR
AND
BASS.

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all! Bring
him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord of all, To
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all, We'll



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord . . . of all!
him all ma - jes - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord . . . of ail.
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord . . . of all.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS

(Luther's Hymn.)

Translated by

FREDK. H. HEDGE

MARTIN LUTHER

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be
3. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, In spite of them, a

TENOR
AND
BASS.

fail - ing; Our help - er he, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre -
los - ing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own -
bid - eth; The spir - it and the gifts are ours, Thro' him who with us

vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His
choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord
sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The

craft and pow'r are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
Sa - baoth is his name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

AS WITH GLADNESS

WILLIAM C. DIX
HARRY S. LEE

(Christmas and Easter Carol.)

ALEXANDER RUSSELL

Alexander Russell is one of the busiest of the younger generation of New York musicians, and one whose work is designed to popularize good music. The following piece, it will be observed, has been composed to two lyrics, one for Easter and one for Christmas use, and has been most kindly contributed to this collection by the composer.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

For Christmas.
As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold,
For Easter.
Car - ol, car - ol, Eas - ter morn, 'Spring - ing flowers the earth a - dorn,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

As with joy they hailed its light Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright,
Sweet - ly birds their songs em - ploy, All the world is filled with joy.

So most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er more be led to thee,
Lis - ten, hear cre - a - tion say, Christ the Lord, is ris'n to - day,

As with joy - ful steps they sped To that lone - ly man - ger bed,
Lis - ten, hear cre - a - tion say, Christ the Lord, is ris'n to - day!

There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore,
Car - ol, car - ol, join the song Of the hap - py ran - som'd throng,

So may we with will - ing feet, Ev - er seek the mer - cy seat;
Vig - ils keep - ing thro' the night, And stand joy - ous in the light,

Slower.

As they of - fered gifts most rare, At that man - ger rude and bare;
So our voic - es let us raise In this glad - some hymn of praise;

So may we with will - ing joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,
May our songs with loud ac - claim, Hon - or thy most ho - ly name;

Slower.

All our cost - liest treas - ures bring, Christ, to thee our heav'n - ly king.
Car - ol, car - ol, hap - py sing, Christ the Lord, our Sav - iour king.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY

CHARLES WESLEY

(Worgan.)

JOHN WORGAN

SOP
AND
ALTO.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, }
 2. Lives a - gain our gló - rious King: } Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 3. Soar we now where Christ has led, }

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Sons of men and an - gels say,
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting! } Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed head, }

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,
 Once he died our souls to save; } Al - - - le - lu - ja!
 Made like him, like him we rise: }

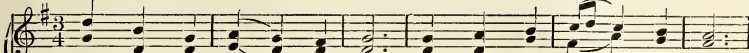
Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply.
 Where's thy vic - to - ry, O Grave! } Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. }

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

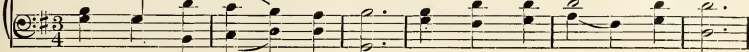
(Italian Hymn.)

CHARLES WESLEY

FELICE DE GIARDINI

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Come, thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us thy name to sing;
 2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word! Gird on thy mighty sword;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Help us to at - praise. Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend. Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
 In this glad hour. Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

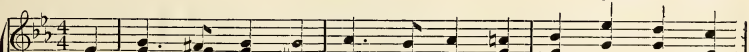
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

FLING OUT THE BANNER

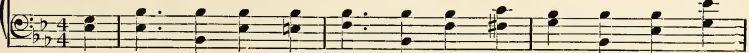
(Doane.)

GEORGE W. DOANE

JOHN B. CALKIN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Fling out the ban - ner: let it float T'ward heav'n a - bove us,
 2. Fling out the ban - ner: an - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence the
 3. Fling out the ban - ner: heath - en lands Shall see from far the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

high and wide, The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.
 o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
 glo - rious sight; And na - tions, crowd - ing to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.

FORTH IN THY NAME, LORD, I GO

(Canonbury.)

CHARLES WESLEY

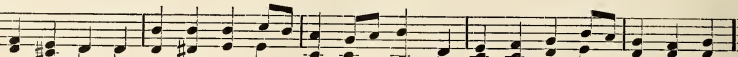
ROBERT SCHUMANN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.




1. Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor
2. The task thy wis - dom hath as - signed, O let me cheer - ful -
3. Give me to bear thy eas - y yoke, And ev - 'ry mo - ment

TENOR
AND
BASS.

to pur - sue; Thee, on - ly, thee re - solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do,
ful - fil; In all myworks thy pres - ence find, And prove thy good and per - fect will.
watch and pray; And still to things e - ter - nal look, And has - ten to thy glo - rious day.



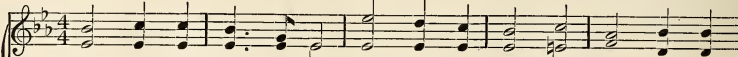
GOD, THE ALL-TERRIBLE

(Russian Hymn.)

HENRY F. CHORLEY

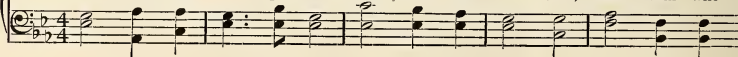
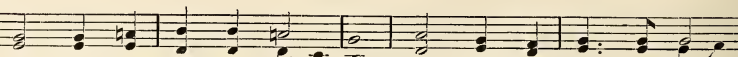
ALEXIS T. LWOFF

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

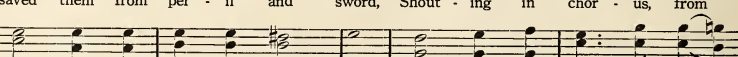
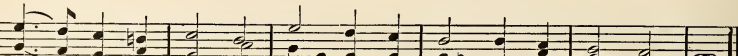


1. God, the All - Ter - ri - ble! thou who or - dain - est Thun - der thy
2. God, the Om - ni - po - tent! might - y a - veng - er, Watch - ing in -
3. God, the All - Mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways all
4. So will thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise him who

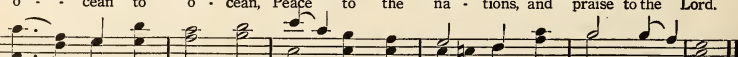
TENOR
AND
BASS.

clar - ion, and light - ning thy sword; Show forth thy pit - y on
vis - i - ble, judg - ing un - heard; Save us in mer - cy O
ho - ly, and slight - ed thy word; Let not thy wrath in its
saved them from per - il and sword, Shout - ing in chor - us, from

high where thou reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
save us from dang - er; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
ter - ror a - wak - en; Give to us par - don and peace, O Lord.
o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord.

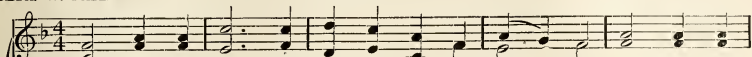


HARK! HARK, MY SOUL

(Pilgrims.)

FREDK. W. FABER

JOHN B. DYKES

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of

TENOR
AND
BASS.

fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou - sands meek - ly

tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the

night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

(Mendelssohn.)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Arr. by WM. H. CUMMINGS

CHARLES WESLEY

SOP.
AND
ALTO.TENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righteous-ness! Light and life to -

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled." Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise,
hold him come, Off - spring of the fa - vored one. Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see;
all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in
Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty: Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im -
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth - le - hem." }
man - u - ell } Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!"
sec - ond birth. }

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

(Nicæa.)

JOHN B. DYKES

REGINALD HEBER

SOP.
AND
ALTOTENOR
AND
BASS.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark - ness hide thee.

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be,
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

(Ewing.)

BERNARD OF CLUNY

ALEXANDER EWING

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
 3. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care re - leased, The

TENOR
AND
BASS.

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I know not, oh, I know not, What
 bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng: The Prince is ev - er in them, The
 song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead - er Have

joys a - wait me there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!
 day - light is se - rene, The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen,
 con - quered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.


JOY TO THE WORLD

(Antioch.)

ISAAC WATTS


Arranged from
GEORGE F. HANDEL

SOP.
AND
ALTO.




1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-our reigns: Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the earth with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The


TENOR
AND
BASS.




ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And won-ders of his love, And
And heav'n and na-ture
Re-peat the sound-ing
And won-ders of his

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of his love, The won-ders, won-ders of his love.
sing,
joy,
love,



sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy,
love, And won-ders of his love,


LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

(Lux Benigna.)

JOHN H. NEWMAN


JOHN B. DYKES

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

TENOR
AND
BASS.



dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on: Keep thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now, Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

(Bethany.)

SARAH F. ADAMS

LOWELL MASON

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

TENOR
AND
BASS.

be a - cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send - est me In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to thee.

NOW ARE FLOWN THE SHADES OF NIGHT

(Seymour.)

Arranged from
CARL MARIA VON WEBER

DAVID BISPHAM

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Now are flown the shades of night, Comes a - gain the morn - ing light,
2. Ev - 'ry where in ev - 'ry land May we all as breth - 'ren stand,
3. When our pil - grim - age is o'er And we reach the oth - er shore,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

Let it be, O Lord, we pray, Dawn - ing of a bright - er day.
Serv - ing thee by serv - ing thine— On - ly thus comes joy di - vine.
In thy sight be this our worth— That we've brought heav'n near - er earth.

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NOW THAT THE SUN IS BEAMING BRIGHT

(Christmas.)

Arranged from
GEORGE F. HANDEL

JOHN H. NEWMAN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Now that the sun is beam - ing bright, Im - plore we, bend - ing low, That
2. No sin - ful word or deed of wrong, Nor tho'ts that i - dly rove, But
3. And grant that to thine hon - or, Lord, Our dai - ly toil may tend, That

TENOR
AND
BASS.

he, the un - cre - a - ted light, May guide us as we go, May guide us as we go.
sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love, And in our hearts be love.
we be - gin it at thy word, And in thy fa - vor end, And in thy fa - vor end.

OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

(Portuguese Hymn.)

F. OAKELEY

J. READING

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, Oh,
2. Oh, sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Oh,
3. We come, Lord, to greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Oh,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

come ye, oh, come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold him
sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav - en a - bove: Glo - ry to God . . .
Je - sus, to thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

Born the King of An - gels; } Oh, come, let us a - dore him, Oh,
In the high - est; }
Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

come, let us a - dore him, Oh, come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

O LORD, THY LOVE UNBOUNDED

(From the St. Matthew "Passion Music.")

H. F. H. JOHNSTON

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH

Majestically.

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. O Lord, thy love un - bound - ed Is full, and sweet, and free; My
2. O may thy love con - strain - me To give my heart, to thee, Let

TENOR
AND
BSAS.

thoughts are all con - found - ed, When - e'er I think of thee; For me thou cam'st from heav - en, For
noth - ing hence - forth pain me, But that which paineth thee; My joy, my one en - deav - or, Thro'

me to bleed and die, That pur - chased and for - giv - en, I might a - scend on high.
suf - f'ring, con - flict, shame, To serve thee, gra - cious Sav - iour, And mag - ni - fy thy name.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

(St. Gertrude.)

S. BARING-GOULD

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y ar - - my Moves the Church of God;
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng,

TENOR
AND
BASS.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song. Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle See his ban - ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Un - to Christ the King! This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

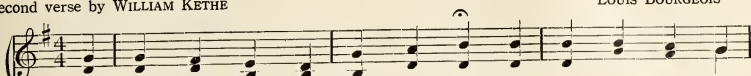
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW.—(Doxology)

(Old Hundredth.)

THOMAS KEN
Second verse by WILLIAM KETHE

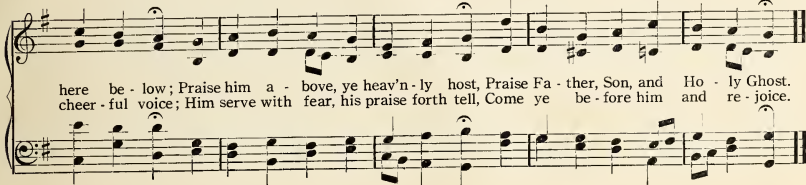
LOUIS BOURGEOIS

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures with
 2. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with

TENOR
AND
BASS.

here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - joice.



SILENT NIGHT

JOSEPH MOHR

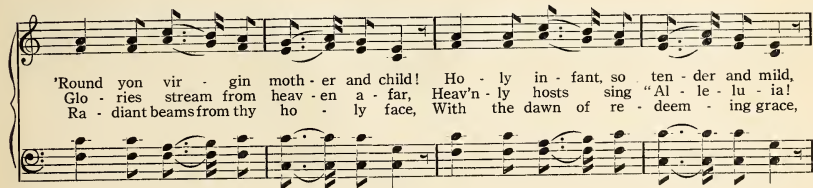
FRANCIS GRUBER

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

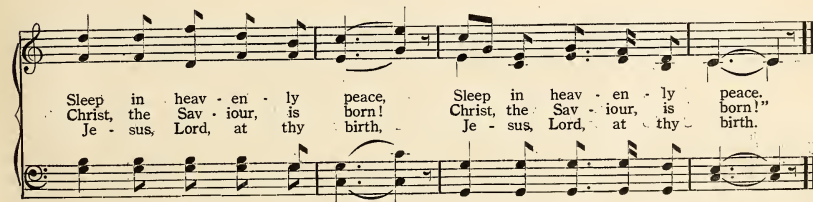
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

TENOR
AND
BASS.

'Round yon vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly in - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing "Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ra - dian beams from thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,



Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.



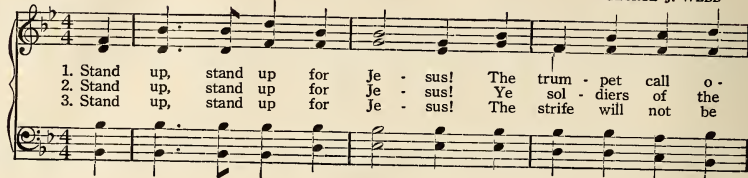
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

(Webb.)

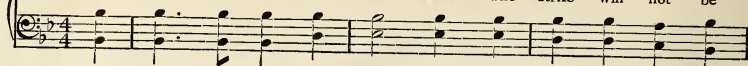
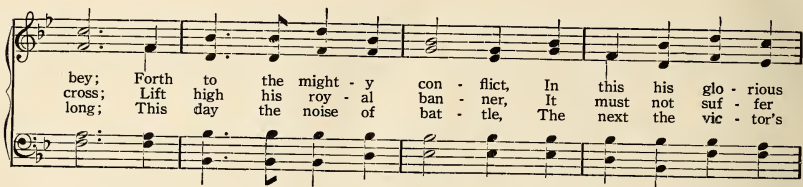
GEORGE J. WEBB

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

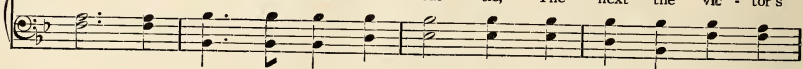
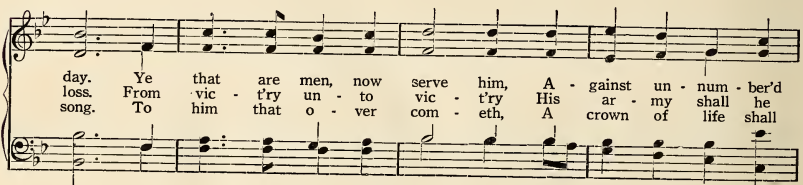


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o -
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be

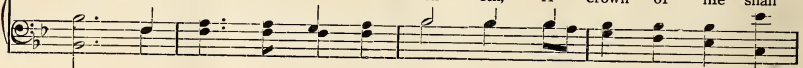
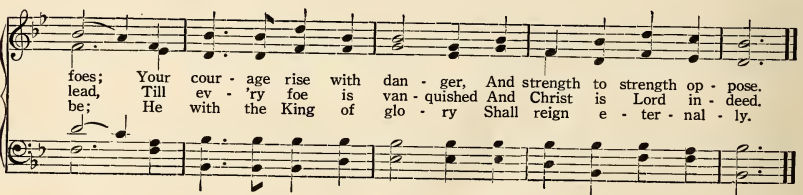
TENOR
AND
BASS.


bey; Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this his glo - rious
cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must his suf - fer
long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's

day. Ye that are men, now serve him, A - gainst un - num - ber'd
loss. From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he
song. To him that o - ver com - eth, A crown of life shall

foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
lead; Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



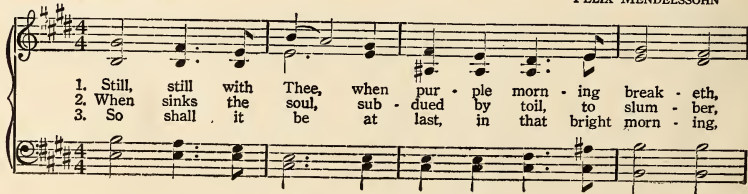
STILL, STILL WITH THEE

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

(Consolation.)

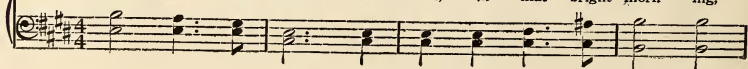
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.



1. Still, still with Thee, when sub - ple morn - ing break - eth,
2. When sinks the soul, at - tued by toil, to slum - ber,
3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing,

TENOR
AND
BASS.



When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
Its clos - ing eyes look up to thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be -
When the soul wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair -

love - li - er than day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with thee.
neath thy wings o'er-shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find thee there.
er than day - light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought I am with thee.

SUN OF MY SOUL

(Hursley.)

JOHN KEBLE

WILLIAM H. MONK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
2. A - bide with me, from morn till eve, For with - out
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the

TENOR
AND
BASS.

night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
thee I can way - not live; A - bide with me when
world our way we take; Till in the o - cean

cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes,
night is nigh, For With - out thee I dare not die,
of thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

THE FIRST NOWELL

Old Christmas Song

Traditional Air
Arranged by ELLIOTT SCHENCK

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. The first Now-ell the an-gel did say, Was to cer-tain poor shep-herds in
2. They look - ed up and saw a star shin-ing in the East be-
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth - le - hem it
4. Then en - tered in those Wise Men three, Full rev - 'rent - ly up -

TENOR
AND
BASS.

fields as they lay, In fields where they lay, keep-ing their sheep, On a cold win-ter's night that
yond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tin-ued both
took its rest, And there it did both stop and stay, Right o - ver the place where
on their knee, And of - fered there in his pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and

CHORUS.

was so deep,
day and night,
Je - sus lay,
frank - in-cense. } Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

(Green Pastures.)

From the 23d Psalm

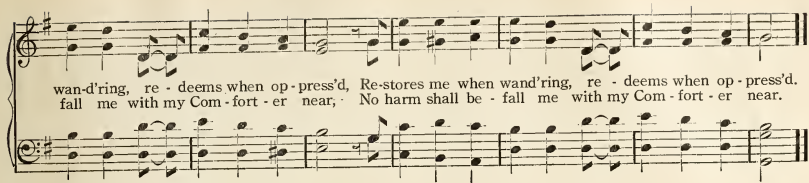
THOMAS KOSCHAT

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guar-dian no

TENOR
AND
BASS.

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow; Re-stores me when
e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm shall be-



wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - press'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - press'd.
fall me with my Com - fort - er near, No harm shall be - fall me with my Com - fort - er near.

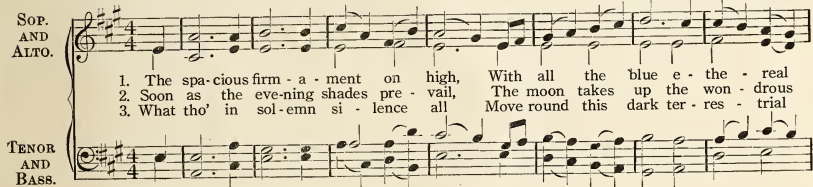
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

(Creation.)

From the 19th Psalm

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

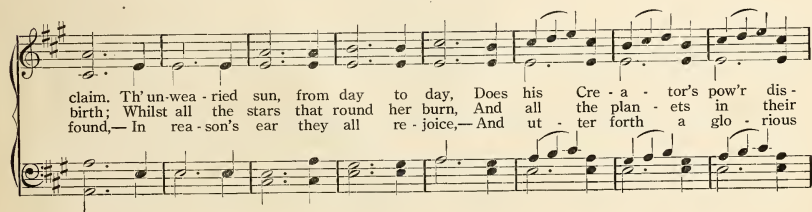


1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous
3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res - trial

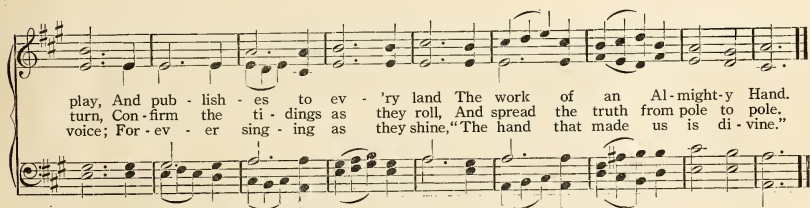
TENOR
AND
BASS.



sky, And span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro -
tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her
ball; What tho' no vi - brant voice nor sound, A - midst their ra - diant orbs



claim. Th'un - wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis -
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their
found, - In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, - And ut - ter forth a glo - rious



play, And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand.
turn, Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole,
voice; For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

WE FEEL THY CALM

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

(Verdure.)

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. We feel thy calm at ev-'ning's hour, Thy gran-deur in the
2. But high-er far, and far more clear, Thee in man's spir-it

TENOR
AND
BASS.

march of night; And when the morn-ing breaks in pow'r, We hear thy
we be-hold; Thine im-age and thy-self are there, Th'in-dwell-ing

word, "Let there be light." We hear thy word, "Let there be light."
God, pro-claimed of old. Th'in-dwell-ing God, pro-claimed of old.

WE MARCH, WE MARCH

GERARD MOULTRIE

(The Good Fight.)

JOSEPH BARNEY

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

We march, we march to vic-to-ry! With the cross of the Lord be-fore us, With his

TENOR
AND
BASS.

lov-ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And his ho-ly arm spread o'er us, And his

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. { 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, Our
2. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our
3. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the

joy - ful host to meet him; And we put to flight the arm - ies of night, That the
march to the gold - en Si - on; For our Captain has broken the braz - en gates, And
banner of Christ be - fore us, With his eye of love looking down from above, And his

Repeat to The End.

sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him. } We
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. }
ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

WHILE THEE I SEEK

(St. Agnes.)

HELEN M. WILLIAMS

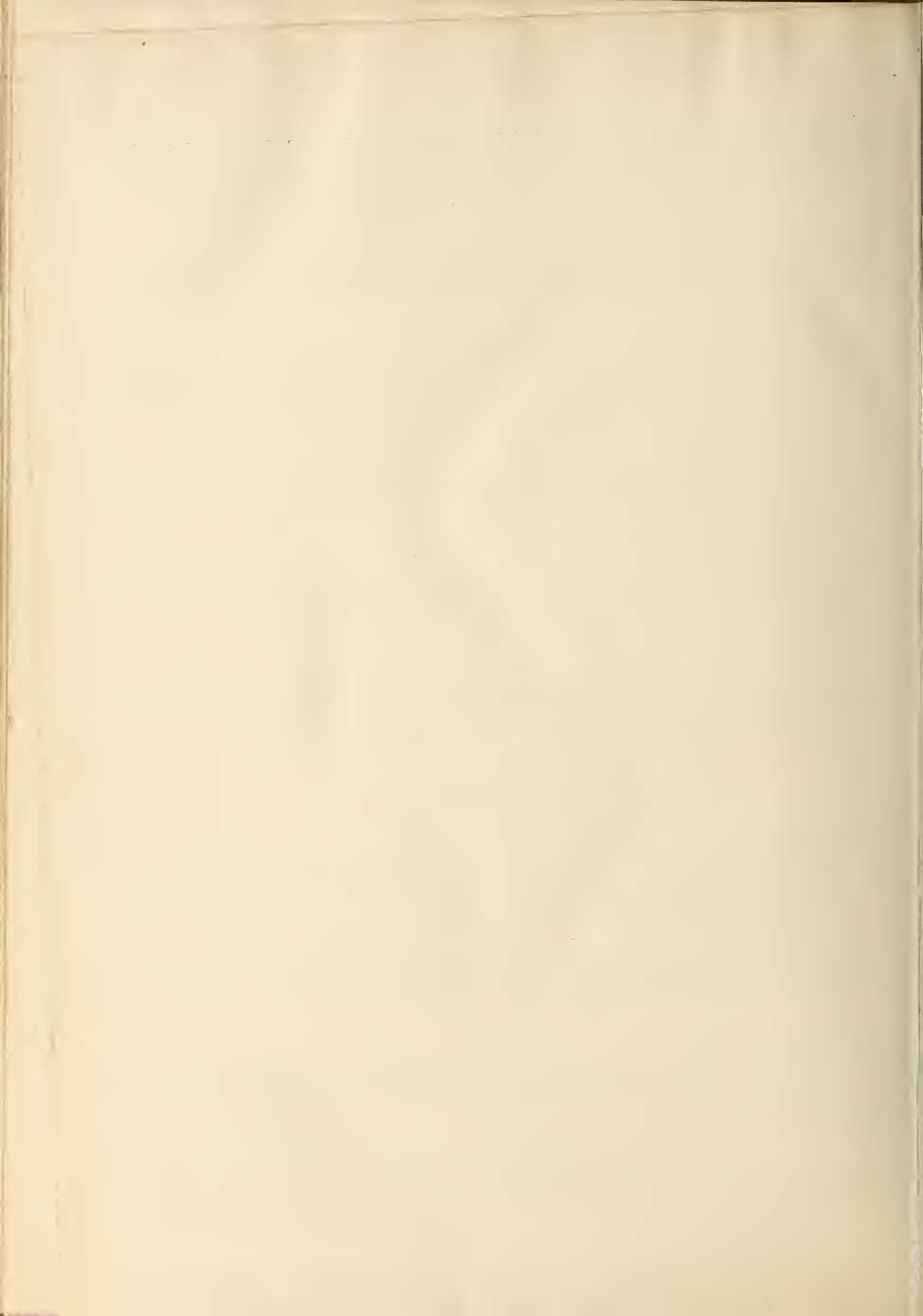
JOHN B. DYKES

SOP.
AND
ALTO.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es
2. In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I
3. In each e - vent of life how clear Thy rul - ing hand I

TENOR
AND
BASS.

stilled; And may this con - se - cra - ted hour, With bet - ter hopes be filled.
bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
see! My stead - fast heart shall know no fear, That heart will rest on thee.



INDEX

TITLE.	POET OR SOURCE.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
Abide with Me.....	Henry F. Lyte.....	William H. Monk.....	292
A Boat! A Boat!.....	Traditional.....	Traditional.....	242
All Hail the Power.....	Edward Perronet.....	Oliver Holden.....	292
All Through the Night.....	Harold Boulton.....	Old Welsh Air.....	211
All Who Sing.....	Traditional.....	T. Goodban.....	245
Aloha-Oe.....	David Bispham.....	Queen Liliuokalani.....	220
America.....	S. F. Smith.....	Henry Carey.....	224
Annie Laurie.....	William Douglass.....	Lady John Scott.....	206
Anvil Chorus.....	"The Troubadour".....	Giuseppe Verdi.....	16
As We Row.....	"William Tell".....	Giocchino Rossini.....	66
As with Gladness.....	William C. Dix.....	Alexander Russell.....	294
At Honor's Glorious Call.....	George B. Nevin.....	Arthur Sullivan.....	120
Auld Lang Syne.....	Robert Burns.....	Scotch Air.....	219
Banish Thy Sorrow.....	"Rinaldo".....	George Frederick Handel.....	42
Barcarolle.....	"Tales of Hoffman".....	Jacques Offenbach.....	59
Battle Cry of Freedom, The.....	George F. Root.....	George F. Root.....	235
Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	Julia Ward Howe.....	William Steffe.....	234
Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.....	Thomas Moore.....	Old Irish Melody.....	216
Bell Doth Toll, The.....	Traditional.....	Traditional.....	243
Beware.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	J. L. Hatton.....	187
Bird of Hope, The.....	Charles Swain.....	Rossetter Cole.....	140
Blue Waves are Sparkling.....	"Rigoletto".....	Giuseppe Verdi.....	28
Boat Song.....	Edward Oxenford.....	Frederic H. Coven.....	163
Brabançonne.....	Belgian Hymn.....	François Campenhout.....	227
Bubbling and Splashing.....	Traditional.....	Traditional.....	244
But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.....	"St. Paul".....	Felix Mendelssohn.....	271
Buy My Dainty Beans.....	Traditional.....	Traditional.....	243
By Celia's Arbor.....	Thomas Moore.....	Felix Mendelssohn.....	138
Carnival of Venice, The.....	Una Fairweather.....	Italian Melody.....	206
Carol, Carol.....	Harry S. Lee.....	Alexander Russell.....	294
Charming Marguerite.....	Una Fairweather.....	Old French Song.....	98
Chiquita.....	Una Fairweather.....	J. R. DeGomis.....	208
Christ the Lord is Ris'n To-day.....	Charles Wesley.....	John Worgan.....	296
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....	Thomas a'Becket.....	David T. Shaw.....	237
Come and Embark.....	Una Fairweather.....	Benjamin Godard.....	165
Come, Follow Me.....	Traditional.....	Hilton.....	244
Come from the Prairies.....	"The Troubadour".....	Giuseppe Verdi.....	16
Come Thou Almighty King.....	Charles Wesley.....	Felice de Giardini.....	297
Creation's Hymn.....	Una Fairweather.....	Ludwig Van Beethoven.....	288
Crossing the Bar.....	Alfred Tennyson.....	Joseph Barnby.....	258
Crucifix, The.....	David Bispham.....	Jean B. Faure.....	286
Crusaders, The.....	William Duthie.....	Ciro Pinsuti.....	90
Damascus.....	"Naaman".....	Michael Costa.....	193
Day of Thanksgiving.....	"The Bosoche".....	André Messager.....	18
Dixie.....	Dan D. Emmett.....	Dan D. Emmett.....	238
Doxology.....	{ Thomas Ken..... William Kethe..... }	Louis Bourgeois.....	307
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.....	Ben Jonson.....	Old English Air.....	207
Dry Ye Your Tears.....	David Bispham.....	Jean B. Faure.....	286

INDEX

TITLE.	POET OR SOURCE.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
Firm is the Ice.	"The Troubadour"	<i>Giuseppe Verdi.</i>	52
First Nowell, The.	Old Christmas Song.	<i>Traditional Air.</i>	310
Flag Goes By, The.	Henry Holcomb Bennett.	<i>Arthur Foote.</i>	88
Fling Out the Banner.	George W. Doane.	<i>John B. Calkin.</i>	297
Florian's Song.	Una Fairweather.	<i>Benjamin Godard.</i>	152
Flower Song, The.	"Faust"	<i>Charles Gounod.</i>	29
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.	Robert Burns.	<i>J. E. Spilman.</i>	214
For Liberty.	"Damnation of Faust"	<i>Hector Berlioz.</i>	6
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord.	Charles Wesley.	<i>Robert Schumann.</i>	298
For Thee, Dear Home.	T. N. Tonetti.	<i>Peter I. Tschaikowsky.</i>	150
From the Pincian Hill.	T. N. Tonetti.	<i>Edvard Grieg.</i>	141
Funieuli, Funieula.	Edward Oxenford.	<i>Luigi Denza.</i>	218
Garibaldi's War Hymn.	Nathan Haskell Dole.	<i>Olivieri.</i>	228
Gentle Hint, A.	Winthrop Packard.	<i>Franklin Ritter.</i>	168
God Save the King.	Henry Carey.	<i>Henry Carey.</i>	224
God, the All-Terrible.	Henry F. Chorley.	<i>Alevis T. Lwoff.</i>	298
Good Night.	"Martha"	<i>Friedrich von Flotow.</i>	69
Hail, Columbia!	Philip Phile.	<i>Joseph Hopkinson.</i>	236
Hark! Hark! My Soul.	Fredk. W. Faber.	<i>John B. Dykes.</i>	299
Hark! Hark! the Lark.	William Shakespeare.	<i>Franz Schubert.</i>	97
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.	Charles Wesley.	<i>Felix Mendelssohn.</i>	300
Hie to the Fields.	"Don Giovanni"	<i>W. A. Mozart.</i>	56
Holy, Holy, Holy!	Reginald Heber.	<i>John B. Dykes.</i>	300
Home, Sweet Home.	John Howard Payne.	<i>Sicilian Air.</i>	217
Home, Sweet Home and Rubinstein's Melody in F		<i>Arthur Nevin.</i>	198
Home to Our Mountains.	"The Troubadour"	<i>Giuseppe Verdi.</i>	64
Humility.	T. N. Tonetti.	<i>Edvard Grieg.</i>	125
Huntsmans' Chorus.	"The Freeshooter"	<i>Carl Maria von Weber.</i>	50
Idle Dream, An.	Una Fairweather.	<i>Edvard Lassen.</i>	92
It is Better to Laugh than be Sighing.	"Lucrezia Borgia"	<i>Gaetano Donizetti.</i>	54
Jerusalem, the Golden.	Bernard of Cluny.	<i>Alexander Ewing.</i>	301
Johnny Sands.	Old Rhyme.	<i>John Simmonds.</i>	212
Joy to the World.	Isaac Watts.	<i>George F. Handel.</i>	302
King of Thule, The.	"Faust"	<i>Charles Gounod.</i>	5
Land Sighting.	David Bispham.	<i>Edvard Grieg.</i>	78
Last Rose of Summer, The.	Thomas Moore.	<i>Old Irish Air.</i>	213
Lead, Kindly Light.	John H. Newman.	<i>John B. Dykes.</i>	302
Lift Thine Eyes.	"Elijah"	<i>Felix Mendelssohn.</i>	284
Long Ago in Childhood's Days.	David Bispham.	<i>Antonin Dvorak.</i>	127
Long, Long Ago.	Thomas Haynes Bayly.	<i>Thomas Haynes Bayly.</i>	205
Lord is My Shepherd, The.	23d Psalm.	<i>Thomas Koschat.</i>	310
Lorna Doone's Song.	Old English.	<i>Arthur Nevin.</i>	159
Lost Chord, The.	Adelaide A. Proctor.	<i>Arthur Sullivan.</i>	274
Love and Summer.	Mary Rowles.	<i>John E. West.</i>	178
Lovely Appear.	"The Redemption"	<i>Charles Gounod.</i>	289
Lovely Night.	"Tales of Hoffman"	<i>Jacques Offenbach.</i>	59
Love Song.	Una Fairweather.	<i>Johannes Brahms.</i>	146
Lullaby.	"Jocelyn"	<i>Benjamin Godard.</i>	36
Maple Leaf, The.	Alexander Muir.	<i>Alexander Muir.</i>	230
March of the Victors.	"Aida"	<i>Giuseppe Verdi.</i>	67
Marie.	David Bispham.	<i>Robert Franz.</i>	114
Marseillaise, The.	Nathan Haskell Dole.	<i>Rouget de L'Isle.</i>	225

INDEX

TITLE.	POET OR SOURCE.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
May.....	May V. Gibbons Williams	<i>William J. McCoy</i>	128
Merrily, Merrily.....	Traditional	<i>Traditional</i>	243
Mighty Fortress, A.....	Frederick H. Hedge	<i>Martin Luther</i>	923
Moonlight and Music.....	Helen M. Burnside	<i>Ciro Pansuti</i>	162
Morning.....	T. N. Tonetti	<i>Peter I. Tschaiakowsky</i>	101
My Heart Ever Faithful.....	J. S. Bach	<i>John Sebastian Bach</i>	252
My Old Kentucky Home.....	Stephen C. Foster	<i>Stephen C. Foster</i>	210
My True Love Hath My Heart.....	Sir Philip Sydney	<i>Theodore Marzials</i>	248
Nazareth.....	Charles Gounod	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	281
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	Sarah F. Adams	<i>Lowell Mason</i>	303
Nenia.....	Henriette B. Randegger	<i>Giuseppe Aldo Randegger</i>	166
Nightingales of Flanders, The.....	Grace Hazard Conckling	<i>Fay Foster</i>	154
Now are Flown the Shades of Night.....	David Bispham	<i>Carl Maria von Weber</i>	304
Now that the Sun is Beaming Bright.....		<i>George F. Handel</i>	304
Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful.....	F. Oakley	<i>J. Reading</i>	304
O, Holy Night.....	David Bispham	<i>Adolphe Adam</i>	273
O, Hush Thee, my Babe.....	Sir Walter Scott	<i>Arthur Sullivan</i>	148
Old Black Joe.....	Stephen C. Foster	<i>Stephen C. Foster</i>	216
Old Hundredth.....	{ Thomas Ken..... William Kethe..... }	<i>Louis Bourgeois</i>	307
O, Lord, Thy Love Unbounded.....	H. F. H. Johnston	<i>John Sebastian Bach</i>	305
On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits.....	"The Creation"	<i>Francis Joseph Haydn</i>	264
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	S. Baring-Gould	<i>Arthur S. Sullivan</i>	306
Open Thy Blue Eyes.....	Una Fairweather	<i>Jules Massenet</i>	188
O, Rest in the Lord.....	"Elijah"	<i>Felix Mendelssohn</i>	260
O, Sole Mio.....	Una Fairweather	<i>Eduardo Di Capua</i>	215
Palms, The.....	David Bispham	<i>Jean B. Faure</i>	259
Poland Still Lives.....	Margaret Scull	<i>Polish National Song</i>	232
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.....	{ Thomas Ken..... William Kethe..... }	<i>Louis Bourgeois</i>	307
Praise Ye the Father.....	Charles Gounod	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	262
Punchinello.....	T. N. Tonetti	<i>Peter I. Tschaiakowsky</i>	170
Queen of Night.....	David K. Stevens	<i>Eric Meyer-Helmund</i>	158
Ra-Ta-Tan.....	"Daughter of the Regiment"	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>	24
Ring Out, Wild Bells.....	Alfred Tennyson	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	74
Rosebud.....	T. N. Tonetti	<i>Edward Grieg</i>	160
Row, Row, Row Your Boat.....	Traditional	<i>Traditional</i>	242
Scotland's Burning.....	Traditional	<i>Traditional</i>	242
Silent Night.....	Joseph Mohr	<i>Francis Gruber</i>	307
Sing Ho! The Merry Autumn Time!	Laura Sedgwick Collins	<i>Laura Sedgwick Collins</i>	93
Sir, Pray be so Good.....	Traditional	<i>Traditional</i>	245
Soldiers' Chorus.....	"Faust"	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	38
Song of May.....	"Samson and Delilah"	<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>	22
Sound Ye the Trumpet.....	"The Puritans"	<i>Vincenzo Bellini</i>	31
Spacious Firmament on High, The.....	19th Psalm	<i>Francis Joseph Haydn</i>	311
Speed Our Republic.....	Matthias Keller	<i>Matthias Keller</i>	241
Spring Song.....	T. N. Tonetti, Jr.	<i>Felix Mendelssohn</i>	81
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.....	George Duffield, Jr.	<i>George J. Webb</i>	308
Star-Spangled Banner, The.....	Francis Scott Key	<i>John Stafford Smith</i>	222
Still, Still with Thee.....	Harriet Beecher Stowe	<i>Felix Mendelssohn</i>	308
Summer Evening.....	T. N. Tonetti	<i>Edward Grieg</i>	181
Sun of My Soul.....	John Keble	<i>William H. Monk</i>	309
Sunrise.....	T. N. Tonetti	<i>Edward Grieg</i>	186
Suwanee River.....	Stephen C. Foster	<i>Stephen C. Foster</i>	221

INDEX

TITLE.	POET OR SOURCE.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
Sweet and Low.....	Alfred Tennyson.....	<i>Joseph Barnby</i>	100
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....	Traditional.....	<i>Negro Folk Song</i>	202
Tell Me, Oh, Ye Stars.....	"Zampa".....	<i>Louis J. F. Herold</i>	270
There be None of Beauty's Daughters.....	Lord Byron.....	<i>Felix Mendelssohn</i>	176
Three Blind Mice.....	Traditional.....	<i>Traditional</i>	243
Tickling Trio, The.....	Italian Rhyme.....	<i>Giambattista Martini</i>	132
To a Violet.....	T. N. Tonetti.....	<i>Edvard Grieg</i>	87
Toreador's Song.....	"Carmen".....	<i>Georges Bizet</i>	44
To Spring.....	Una Fairweather.....	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	116
Tribute of the Birds, The.....	"Lucia of Lammernoor".....	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>	8
Two Grenadiers, The.....	William H. Furness.....	<i>Robert Schumann</i>	182
Unfold, Ye Portals.....	"The Redemption".....	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	256
Venetian Boat Song.....	H. C. Merivale.....	<i>Jacques Blumenthal</i>	110
Wake from Slumber.....	Traditional.....	<i>Traditional</i>	242
Wandering in the Woods.....	T. N. Tonetti.....	<i>Edvard Grieg</i>	106
We are Tenting To-Night.....	Walter Kittredge.....	<i>Walter Kittredge</i>	240
We Feel Thy Calm.....	Samuel Longfellow.....	<i>Francis Joseph Haydn</i>	312
We Lift Up Our Voices.....	David Bispham.....	<i>Folk Song of the Netherlands</i>	285
We March, We March.....	Gerard Moultrie.....	<i>Joseph Barnby</i>	312
When All the World is Young, Lad.....	Charles Kingsley.....	<i>Elliott Schenck</i>	112
When Shepherds Pipe Their Lay.....	"Samson and Delilah".....	<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>	11
Where E'er You Walk.....	"Semele".....	<i>George Frederick Handel</i>	12
While Thee I Seek.....	Helen M. Williams.....	<i>John B. Dykes</i>	313
Who is Silvia?.....	William Shakespeare.....	<i>Franz Schubert</i>	156
Who'll Buy My Roses?.....	Traditional.....	<i>Three Foreign Melodies</i>	246
Wise Men, The.....	Traditional.....	<i>Traditional</i>	244
With a Down, Hey, Derry Down.....	Traditional.....	<i>Traditional</i>	247
Yankee Doodle.....	Dr. Shamburg.....	<i>Unknown</i>	231
Yellow at My Feet.....	T. N. Tonetti.....	<i>Anton Rubinstein</i>	108
Yestereve.....	Owen Meredith.....	<i>J. Rosamond Johnson</i>	107

